TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1885. NO. 1.

t help it then, but I spit in his face.
he seized me, and said he would
e of me to-night, and said some
I had spit in his face, and
get him off. I was so
ed, and just then Mr.
and knocked him down,
him in for you to thank
u'll thank him, papa, for
for I don't know what I
e if he hadn't saved me."
This is a pretty state of
ng man, you had the
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? I only hope he is
whole kit were served
can all commit crime,
own hides, creep under
proclamation."
I have no desire to
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council, of which I
me as a member, has
the city themselves by
ourse." I do not wish
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lefense of your assault,
has been punished,
l up as a criterion, for
e we find a contamin-
as for the insinuation
do not belong to the
the city, but belong to
now lying about seven
river awaiting orders.
I was called to the city this morning, but being refused permission to come, I stole away about dusk, and managed, by good luck, to pass every obstruction. I must get back before the morning muster, and pass the river patrol in the dark. Every moment I lose may be disastrous. I have explained as fully as I am at liberty to, and, as I see Miss Carroll is almost recovered from her recent experience, I believe I will bid you a good night."

"Well, well, young man, that's good straightforward talk, and I think more of you. You can hardly blame me for feeling bitter toward these cursed Northerners who are set like dogs over us; but I like fair dealing between individuals. You have placed me under personal obligations which I can scarcely hope to repay, and I am not such a pig-headed fool as not to acknowledge it; only I wish you were anything but a Union soldier. If you were a nigger I could pay you in money. You say you go by the river. It will be impossible to go that way, I fear, for within the last two hours word was brought that Farragut's fleet had anchored above the upper docks, and the river patrol has been doubled. They would no doubt let you pass, but the time you would be delayed might be fatal to your plans, to say nothing of the possibility of their taking you up until morning."

"I can't help it; There's no use talking, I must get back before morning, if it lies within the range of the possibilities, for to be away means the loss of my commission, and I would rather die than be disgraced."

"Papa, why cannot we take Mr. Carlton in the carriage down the river road to old Uncle Jake's? That is three miles below the city, and Uncle Jake can row him across safely, even if there are boats all the way. You know, papa, they really can't catch Uncle Jake."

"That's a good suggestion, my little pet, and we'll carry it out. Pour Mr. Carlton out a glass of wine, dear, and I'll give Thomas a few quiet instructions."

The old gentleman left the room and Miss Carroll started for the sideboard, but she did not get there at once.

"Dear Miss Carroll," said Carlton, detaining her, "you have saved my good name, and I don't know of words to express my gratitude." The reply may have been a little indiscreet, and yet I do not think the words were as much to blame as the tone in which they were spoken, and the look from those brilliant eyes which accompanied them.

"Mr. Carlton, I feel as though my life would be small compensation for what you have saved me from to night. I wish I could show you more appreciation."

Carlton was ever an impulsive fellow, and one whose feelings were so deep and sincere as to call out a display of impulsiveness when touched by a correspondingly earnest exhibition of soul. He lifted her hand and imprinted a kiss upon it with so much warmth that the most practiced coquette would have trembled before the powerful storm of feeling which had been opened. Miss Carroll drew her hand away, but there was nothing of resentment in her manner. On the contrary, it was evident her feelings were stirred. What further might have happened we cannot tell, but the entrance of Mr. Carroll put a stop to any more display, and after drinking a glass of wine, and some further conversation, the carriage was announced. The parting was very formal, owing to the presence of the old gentleman, but Carlton had time to whisper, "May I come again soon?" If he had not heard the whispered "yes," the drooping head and one little tear, which the sympathetic heart called forth and which he could not fail to observe, would have assured him the question was unnecessary. Only the presence of Mr. Carroll, and a powerful exertion of will carried him through those few moments. Having received a cordial shake of the hand and an expression of of the most hearty good wishes from the old gentleman, the door closed behind him. Out into the dark, damp, foggy night, he gave himself up to reflection. There seemed to be pictures reflected on the background of darkness within the carriage, and Florentia Carroll was the central, light absorbing figure to his mind in each.

"Strange," he soliloquized, "That only one hour's acquaintance should have such an effect upon me."

Several days have passed, and we find Lieut. Carlton pacing the deck of the Ohio. The cigar pressed tightly between his lips emits a bright glow, and seems to almost shoot into a blaze. The quick tramp, tramp, up and down, and the contracted brow indicate a mind busily working, even though the cause be invisible.

"Lieut. Carlton," said Capt. Duane, as he ascended from his cabin, "what's the matter? Been having your fortune told, or had a dream? I don't believe I seen you quiet for the past three days. What's on your mind, man? If it's anything I can do for you, or if it will help to have two carry it, just don't hesitate to throw it up."

"Thank you, Captain; I appreciate your kindness, but this is only a little thing of a personal nature which has troubled me slightly. I am a fool to show that I am worried, but especially over such a trifling matter. I believe it is more than half brought on by inactivity. What do you think of the prospects for a fight? I don't want to lay here like a log all through the season. Here we have not moved for almost two weeks; some of the rest have had some music, and why can't we get out of this?"

"Never let the blues fall on you like that, man. You are too uneasy; but, seriously now, I think you'll have an opportunity before twelve hours to work off a little of that superfluous vim. I saw a boat hovering near before the sun went down, and if I'm not mistaken, she was not friendly, nor was her course straight up the channel. I couldn't make her out much, but I had a feeling creep over me when I clapped the glass to my eye, that that was meat for me, and I've had the same feeling too many times to be very much out of the way."

The old captain was not mistaken, for upon descending to his cabin he was almost immediately recalled, and the breaking of day soon after, ushered in the preliminaries of one of the most energetic and determined struggles of the rebellion, only the affair of itself was so comparatively insignificant as to be assigned no place in history. It was a relief for Carlton, and he was everywhere cheering the men. Where the bullets flew thickest he seemed to move, shielded from harm by guardian angels. Broadside after broadside each vessel poured into the other, and both might have gone to bottom without surrendering but for one decisive shot. The captain gave the order to bring the boat around with her fresh broadside to bear, and as the stern swung round, Carlton stood beside old Harvey, the gunner, a moment.

"When old Pepper-and-Salt comes within range, Harvey," said Carlton, "put the charge through below the water line, if you have to go and chop a hole for it. Make your gun howl, and throw her overboard if she don't." The old gunner had his eye along the gun, and, although he replied not a word, it was evident he would do his best. Down came the rod, and when the curl of smoke lifted, it was apparent the charge had taken effect, though what amount of execution had been done it was impossible to see. From that moment the battle seemed decided, and it required but a few more broadsides to finish the job. When the flag of the rebel boat went down, the Union soldiers boarded her and took possession.

"Lieut. Carlton, the captain is in the forward cabin, and I think he is dying," said a soldier, touching his cap.

"All right, I'll go down and you send the surgeon." Carlton stepped into the cabin, and was blinded for a moment by the semi-darkness, but finally made out the form of a man reclining on a couch.

"Is the ship lost?" said the rebel captain.

"Yes sir," Carlton replied, "but you shall have fair treatment. I fear you are seriously wounded, sir, and I have sent for the surgeon; remain quiet and don't worry yourself."

"Get a light," replied the wounded man feebly; "your voice sounds familiar."

Carlton struck a light and approached the couch.

"Stanley!"

"George!" came simultaneously.

"Why, Stanley, where did you come from?"

"I am lieutenant of the Ohio; how came you in this position?"

"I am captain of the Montgomery, but I fear I'm a goner. However, Stanley, I can surrender now with better grace, seeing it is you," said the wounded captain. "You always made me surrender when we were at college, and this is only the conclusion."

"Don't talk like that, George; you are the dearest friend I have got or ever had since my mother and sister died. I'm going to have you out of this all right, and if we fight again I won't have any sword in my hand. If I did push you some at college we were none the worse friends. I'll have Dr. Logan here, and if you are worth a cent he'll make you go at par."

Silence fell upon the couple for a moment, but the looks of each told how strong had been the friendship between these two as boys, now grown to manhood and meeting under such adverse circumstances.

"Here comes the old fellow, George," Carlton. "He speaks a little abruptly, but he's good to the core."

"As the old surgeon entered he seemed to comprehend something of the nature of what was passing, for he said:

"Move around, lieutenant, and let me get a squint at our young friend."

"Dr. Logan," replied Carlton, "you hit closer than you thought, for this is my friend. You have heard me speak of George Vargrave at home, and my dear mother, too. You've done me a great many good turns, doctor, now do me another. Give George all your attention, if necessary, and I'll pay for a man to fill your place. Do anything, and charge anything you've a mind to; all I want is for you to make George a well man."

"Well, boy, let down on that. Do you think you can bribe me? If you don't shut up I'll have you put out," and the kind-hearted man went on grumbling and threatening in a manner that is always suspicious. If one could have peeped under his face and behind the glasses he wore, I think they would have found tears in his eyes.

"Now, here, you numbskull, you're a healthy officer; go on deck and attend to business, and I'll look into this young man's case; probably he's only troubled with indigestion and to get you out of sight will do more good than all the prescriptions I can command rusty Latin to compose."

Carlton was very busy for the next ten days, and at the end of that time Vargrave was convalescent. Carlton's position secured to Vargrave all the attention that was needed, and the friendship so strangely rekindled, grew stronger than ever. The boat which had only been temporarily stationed at this point, was now ordered to fall further down toward Fort St. Philip, her old position, so that they were too far from New Orleans to admit of Carlton's making Miss Carroll another visit. The companionship of Vargrave was of real benefit, for even with the diversion wrought by his presence, Carlton brooded, and at times was so absent-minded as to occasion comment. As there was no promise of immediate action, Carlton persuaded Vargrave to remain with him, and by enlisting the influence of several of the superior officers with whom he was a favorite no objection was raised.

Thus things stood for several weeks, until Vargrave was fully recovered, when he began to talk seriously of taking his departure, arrangements having been consummated by which he was to retire from the service and to return to his home in New Orleans. Fortunately for the friends, about this time the Ohio was ordered to leave the vicinity of Fort St. Philip and proceed further north, patroling the river in the vicinity of New Orleans. Two days afterward Vargrave was to go ashore, and Carlton had obtained permission to accompany him, but to report again on the following morning. Carlton could scarcely restrain his impatience to get ashore and to call upon Miss Carroll, but he was fated to disappointment. As soon as he could get away from his friend, he sought the street and approached the house with a quickly beating heart. When he arrived opposite the number his heart sank within him, for the house was dark, but determined not to leave the neighborhood without making a strenuous effort to accomplish the object of his journey, he ascended to the steps, thinking to ascertain of a servant the whereabouts of Miss Carroll, and at least, leave his card. He rang several times, but only the echoes replied, and then for the first time he observed pinned to one side of the door post, "Sheriff's Sale," and following, a list of attachments, names of creditors, etc.

"I'll obtain a leave of absence for a week," Carlton soliloquized, "and if they are in the city I'll find them. I may even now be in time to relieve this embarrassment. What good is my money lying idle at home, compared with the good it would do now?"

Acting upon his first thought he made way back to the steamer.

"Hello, Carlton," said Captain Duane, as Carlton stepped on deck, "we did not look for you back before daylight; mighty glad you came though, for you're needed. You won't mold from inactivity any more. We're off, we are: Farragut has just sent us word we sail at once for Fortress Monroe. How's that, my boy?

"Sail now? Right off, and for Fortress Monroe? Well, I suppose that 'at once' means any times from a week to a month, don't it? I don't want to go for a week, any way."

"Don't want to go for a week! Why what's the matter, man? Don't want to go! You? Why I bet you have fidgeted 25 pounds of meat off your bones in the past two months, and this deck is almost worn through from your walking on it. Hanged if I didn't think the nerve you put into puffing those cigar you've smoked lately would be the cause of your burning your mouth, but run me down the smoke stack if I thought you'd kick on getting out of this infernal region of crocodiles and yellow fever after all the storming you've done."

"Of course captain, I want to get out as much as ever, but I was thinking of a little business, and I thought if I only had a week, you know."

"Oh, bosh! Business with such a lot of rascals as infest this region! What's that compared with cutting the waters of the Chesapeake?"

"Seriously, captain, now, do you think we will get away before a week?"

"Well, Kid! You can plug my three aces on a jack-pot with a pair of deuces if we don't go to-morrow. Everything is ready and the flagship will drop down in the morning to give final orders."

The captain walked away to the pilot-house, and left Carlton buried in thought. "No use moping about what cannot be helped, but I promise myself to come back if I get through with a whole hide. Mighty strange I should be so struck all in a heap, but I don't believe my instinct could deceive me. She must reciprocate my feelings to some extent, for I know she could not have acted the part she did. Maybe I was a fool, and she being such a tender hearted creature, was overpowered by her gratitude and the next morning forgot even my name. Confound it, I won't believe that. I'll write George, and get her address. Curse the war, I wish it was over; this thing makes me a coward; what if I should get shot and never come back what would she think? I'll come back, yes, if I have to resurrect myself. Deuce take it, I can't help it, and I might as well go to work."

The flagship with Admiral Farragut dropped early in the morning and at noon the Ohio was steaming down the Mississippi on her long trip to Fortress Monroe.

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NEW ORLEANS, LA., April 9, 1865.

DEAR STANLEY:—Isn't your work about over in the navy? I have often longed to hear from you, old fellow, and more especially to have a chance to see you and show my gratitude for saving my life back years ago. Cannot you come to New Orleans? I have been married now more than a year and a half, and all my happiness is your doing. We have lots of room, so come and make us a long visit. My wife's health is not very good, and she says she knows it will help her to make your acquaintance. Let us hear from you soon, and be sure it is favorably. Ever your old friend,

GEORGE VARGRAVE.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1865.

DEAR GEORGE:—Your kind letter of the 9th ult. has just been handed me. I sincerely appreciate your hearty invitation, and have decided to accept at once. I am sorely in need of rest, and this settles my course. As soon as I can obtain leave, and get my affairs in shape, I will lose no time in making you a visit, which may be longer than you have anticipated. I was astonished to learn of your matrimonial venture. You have my every hearty wish. With regards to your wife, in haste I remain,

Ever your old friend,

STANLEY CARLTON.

Carlton lost no time in resigning his commission, which he could honorably do, the war now being practically over, and having transacted some necessary business with his agent, took his departure for New Orleans, where he arrived in due time, to the great surprise and delight of his friend Vargrave.

"Fannie, this is our friend Stanley Carlton you have so much wished to see," said Vargrave ushering Carlton into his spacious parlor where Mrs. Vargrave sat. "He just arrived this afternoon and took me by surprise at the office."

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Carlton; it seems just as though I had known you all my life, for George has done nothing but talk about you ever since we were married. We've got you now, and we don't propose to let you go right away. It is going to take me a long time to thank you for your goodness to George."

"Don't mention that, Mrs. Vargrave; I have never done half as much for him as he has for me. You'll kill me with kindness."

"Come old man," broke in George, "it's almost dinner time and you want to wash. We've got a room all ready for you."

"Now, old fellow," said Vargrave, when they had reached the room, "when you get some of this travel off, come down to the parlor, and we'll have dinner. Miss Carroll will be home by that time, and I'll give you an introduction to her."

"Miss Carroll? Who did you say?"

"Miss Carroll, yes; she lives with us."

"Who is she?"

"Why, she's an old friend of Fannie's; just the same as a sister. Her father died more than a year ago, and she's lived with us ever since."

"What does she look like?"

"Well, Stan, you're a queer fellow; hurry up and come down, and I'll give you an introduction. I know you'll like her. Fannie couldn't live without her; they're more inseparable than we are at college. Hurry up now, old fellow, or you'll be late to dinner," and the warm-hearted fellow left the room.

It took Carlton longer than usual to arrange his toilet, but he finally finished to his satisfaction and descended to the parlor.

"Just going to dine without you, old fellow," said Vargrave as Carlton entered. "You're a new boy, however, so we'll overlook your first offense."

"Mr. Carlton," said Mrs. Vargrave advancing, "let me make you acquainted with Miss Carroll; Miss Carroll is my very dearest friend."

Carlton took the proffered hand, and her eyelashes slowly drooped beneath the penetrating look he bent upon her.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Carlton," came in a low voice, but something in the tone sent a shiver through Carlton as though an icicle had touched his flesh. Whatever his reply might have been, it was unintelligible, and the announcement of dinner put an end to the temporary embarrassment. Carlton sat opposite Miss Carroll at the table, but throughout the entire meal, every attempt to catch her eye failed, and the adjournment to the parlor came as a release.

After the lights had been lit, and all had got comfortably settled, of course conversation naturally turned upon war topics, and there was so much to be discussed by the friends, the condition of the South, the emancipation of the slaves, politics, the assassination of the President, and a thousand and one things, with occasional expressions from the ladies, that Carlton was prevented from having any conversation alone that night with Miss Carroll; and, indeed, they were never alone together more than a few moments at a time, for several days. Miss Carroll's manner was a constant puzzle to Carlton. She seemed to shun his presence and would never allow him to catch her eye. All conversation between them was forced and unnatural, and but for the presence of George and Fannie, would have been exceedingly embarrassing. Carlton's was not a nature to remain passive under such a state of affairs.

"I'll know what it all means," he determined, while pacing up and down his room at night. "If I don't get a chance soon, I'll make one, and I'll know the cause of this strange behavior."

He did not have long to wait, fortunately, for only a few days more had passed when one evening George did not come home to dinner, having sent up word that business would detain him until a late hour, and Fannie, immediately after dinner, asked to be excused, pleading a severe headache as the cause. Miss Carroll tried hard to secure permission to accompany her to act as nurse, but Fanny would not listen, so that, much against her inclination, she was left alone to entertain Carlton. The latter, one who always went to the point of things, felt this was the opportunity he had wished for and determined not to allow it to escape him.

"Miss Carroll," he began, "I have hoped for the privilege of a conversation alone with you. You seem to shun me and I am at loss to account for it. Do you know, Miss Carroll, I have never ceased to think of you since that evening three years ago? The object I had in view in returning to New Orleans was to find you."

"Oh, Mr. Carlton, don't, please don't."

"But Miss Carroll, I must say to you all I have in my mind. Maybe you wonder why I never called again? I did, once, but your house was shut up. I was ordered away the next day to the North, but never a day has passed that I have not thought of you. I thought that night we were destined to meet again."

"Please don't say more Mr. Carlton, you hurt me."

"I must say more. Why have you tried so hard to keep away from me? Why don't you want me to say more? Is there some one else?"

"No, no."

"Won't you tell me then? Was I mistaken when I thought it was more than an ordinary meeting? Didn't you care for me?"

"Oh, please don't ask me, Mr. Carlton."

"It is not fair, Miss Carroll; I know now that you did, and I believe you do now. I have seen you all these days without having my first feelings confirmed. Miss Carroll, will you be my wife? I've loved you ever since we first met, and do now. I know you are not indifferent, and I want you to say yes, and we won't have any more of this cross work."

"Oh, Mr. Carlton, you hurt my feelings. I cannot be you wife, so please don't say any more; go away and leave me."

"I cannot go away until you tell me why; I have a right to ask. You have a reason, and I insist you do me an injustice in not telling it. You are agitated, Miss Carroll; try and be composed."

"I am composed now, Mr. Carlton: I have a reason, but I cannot make it known. I cannot be your wife, so please don't pain me by further discussion. I believe you are an honorable man, and I request that you never mention this subject again."

"But, Miss Carroll, I know you love me, and this a most extraordinary way of showing it. This is unreasonable; you surely do not mean what you say as final?"

"I certainly do, Mr. Carlton, so please do not continue the subject. Go and leave me now."

"Why do you use me this way when you say you love me? It is unjust, Miss Carroll; you do us both an injustice."

"Mr. Carlton, now you wound my feelings: I know I am acting for the best, and your course is not manly. I request that you leave me now. It hurts me to hurt you, more than you can know. Here's my hand, let us be friends and friends only."

"I won't give you up this way, Miss Carroll. This cause, whatever it is, must be removed. In the meantime, we had better not remain under the same roof. I'll go back to New York to-morrow."

"You are right, Mr. Carlton, we ought not to see each other; but you must not think of going away to-morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Vargrave would not be long in assigning the cause, and I should feel guilty of having spoilt the pleasure they take in your company. Please, Mr. Carlton, don't be impetuous; you have all the money you want, use some of it to enjoy yourself and divert your mind from this, and stay out your visit; now don't let's say any more; good night."

Carlton got little sleep that night. After he had paced the floor until he was worn out, he went to bed, but sleep would not be wooed.

"There is some reason," he thought, "but what can it be? She admitted she loved me; why should she take this course? There's surely no one else. Surely, because I am a Northerner cannot be the cause, or she would never have looked at me, so it cannot be pride. You have lots of money," she said. Seems as though she emphasized the 'you.' My gracious! can it be possible her pride assumes the form of taking exceptions to my money because she has none? These proud Southerners draw the line very close. I'll bet a hat I've hit it."

Following this line of thought, Carlton's mind revolved round and round, and in a little while he started up in bed with a low ejaculation: "I have it; I'll do it at once. She'll be mine before Christmas. I believe it's the money; I'll try it on, anyway." With this new train of thought came sleep and he did not awake too following morning until the second bell had rung. Hurrying down he found Miss Carroll in the parlor, indolently tapping the keys of the piano. His spirits were so light with his new purpose that he could not help remarking in a low tone, "Good morning, Miss Carroll, I'm not going to day. Take mo arm and we'll go out to breakfast."

She looked up half questioningly, took the proffered arm and they walked to the breakfast room.

"George," said Carlton, in the course of the meal, "I am going to use the material in your library after this. I have some writing to do. May I?"

"Of course you may, old man; just make yourself at home. Use anything you want, and when you get uneasy come down to the office."

Matters ran along in this way for several weeks. Carlton and Miss Carroll were less formal than they had been, and seemed to enjoy each other's society more. She was a fine musician and Carlton had a very fair voice. They usually spent their evenings all together in the parlor around the pleasant center table, piled high with books, in reading, singing or playing whist. One evening George broke the temporary quiet which had settled upon the group.

"Stan, old man, what has gone wrong to-day? I noticed when you opened that voluminous packet at the office this morning, you looked exceedingly sober. What was it about? No one dead, I hope?"

"No;" replied Carlton, "it was a communication with reference to some business."

"Well, it must have been mighty important to make you so quiet and preoccupied all day. Come, if anything worries you, let me have it."

"I know I am among friends, and had been deliberating how best to acquaint you with the change in my affairs, which this packet, as you call it, brought me the news of. The short of it is, George," Carlton said lightly, "my man of affairs in New York informs me he has carried out my instructions to make a certain investment I wished, and says it has absorbed the bulk of my fortune. He did the best he could, and my instructions were absolute, so I release him from all responsibility. Of course, a man could not receive such news and not look a little gloomy."

"Confounded bad, old boy, and you have my heartfelt sympathy. What'll you do about it?"

"Well, I will have to bring my visit to a close, I presume, and get back to New York. I guess I can find something to do there."

"If you are going to work, why not stay here and find something to do? You always have a home with us."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Carlton," chimed in Fannie; "stay here; we should dislike very much to have you go."

Carlton had watched Miss Carroll attentively, though unobserved, throughout this conversation, and his observations had apparently been very satisfactory, for he turned to her when he spoke.

"Do you think, Miss Carroll, a poor man would stand any chance of earning his bread in New Orleans?"

"I surely am not as well qualified to answer that question as Mr. Vargrave," she replied, "but it seems as though you ought, as well as in New York."

"Well, George," he said, turning to Vargrave, "I believe I will remain, but of course I don't wish to impose upon your generosity. I will remain until I can get what I have left, and put it with what I can earn and buy me a home; then I can get some old aunty to keep my house, and I'll get on my feet again. But what *shall* I do. That ought to be the first consideration."

"I'll see you have enough to do," replied Vargrave, "the *Globe* never has too large a force. When we were at college you were a pretty expert stenographer; a good deal faster than I was, you remember, and I'll give you some amanuensis work together with some reporting until you get the ropes all learned; then I guess there'll be room for you pretty high up in the sanctum. Old Dodge is pretty good, but his education is a little deficient, and he's so old he won't feel so bad as a younger and more ambitious man would. I'll see that you are not idle."

A few weeks passed away, Carlton going to the office regularly and working hard. One evening he opened the conversation by remarking to Fannie:

"Can you recommend me a cook? I have got my house and am in hopes of leaving you before long."

"Why, Mr. Carlton," she replied, "what have we done that you are so anxious to get away?"

"Come, old man," chimed in George, "none of that; you needn't talk of leaving until you have been here a great deal longer than you have. No, sir, old man, resignation declined."

The conversation was speedily turned into other channels and that subject was not reverted to right away again. Several weeks passed, and the fall and opera season had begun. Carlton and Miss Carroll were returning alone one night, George and his wife having been detained at home. They walked in silence for some time, but it was finally broken by Carlton.

"Miss Carroll, won't you reconsider the answer you made me two or three months ago? Won't you be my wife? Perhaps you may not call this honorable, but I can't help it. Say yes, won't you say yes?"

Carlton could feel her tremble, but no reply was audible.

"I can not offer you the money I could then," he continued, "but I can offer you a home, and my heart has not diminished an iota. Answer me, Florentia; say yes."

"Yes Stanley," came with a sob, "I do love you, and I'll be your wife."

"You shall never regret that, my darling. Now tell me why you said no, before. Tell me the whole story; why was it?"

"Oh, Stanley, how could I marry you when you were rich and I poor? When we first met I loved you, and if the circumstances had remained the same, if poor papa had lived and we had not lost our home, I would have said yes at first, but couldn't after. Oh, I am so glad you lost your money."

"Well, but couldn't you take my word that I cared only for you? My money wouldn't make any difference now, would it?"

"Oh, I don't know, Stanley; I guess not, but I am glad it is out of the way."

"I am only glad you are mine," he replied, "and we won't worry about the money; I can get it back again. Here we are at home, and George and Fannie are waiting up for us; I'm going to tell them right off."

"Oh, don't, Stanley, wait till morning."

"Pshaw, Puss, now's the time, and darkness you know will cover a multitude of blushes."

As they entered, George and Fannie both exclaimed at once:

"Why, where have you been so long?"

"The fact is," replied Carlton, "you remember I have brought up the subject of my house several times, and it has been dismissed. I brought it to more attentive ears to-night. Florentia Carroll is going to have the management of it, and of me at the same time. She's going to be my wife."

"Well, I congratulate you with all my might, old man," said George, springing to his feet. "When's it going to be, I want to kiss the bride."

"The time's set for Christmas," returned Carlton, quickly.

"Oh, not as soon as that, Stanley," she interrupted, "I had not thought of it."

"I have thought of it, though. My house ought to have a mistress before that, but I can afford to be lenient, so don't say any more, that's all settled."

A few more congratulations were offered, and then they separated for the night. The next few days were happy ones for the lovers. The stream of love flowed with additional force, having been temporarily obstructed.

"Where is this house you are forever talking about?" Florentia asked one night.

"Christmas will soon be here, my dear, and then you will see it. I don't like to take you there until you are all my own, for fear you might change your mind," he replied jocosely.

The 25th of December drew on apace, and the house was alive with the activity of preparations for the wedding. The nuptials were to be very quiet, and after dinner they were to drive in one carriage to Carlton and Florentia's new home.

"Where is this house of yours, old fellow?" said Vargrave one night, "I declare I never thought to ask before. I simply listened to what you said about it the same as though it had been at the North Pole."

"Never mind now, my dear fellow," returned Carlton. "You have lived so long without knowing, wait one more week."

"No use boning you, Stan, so I submit to the inevitable."

The day came at last. There were no others present, aside from George and Fannie, and after the ceremony they all adjourned to the dining room.

"I am so curious to see your new home, I can hardly eat," said Fannie, before the meal was half over. "Do tell us about it, won't you?"

"No, not now," he replied. "We will soon be there."

At 2 o'clock the carriage drew up at the door and all entered but Carlton, who waited to give the driver a few quiet directions, which he followed the rest. The conversation within the carriage was so animated that no one of the occupants took any note of the direction they were going until they stopped and the driver opened the door.

"Oh, Stanley, my old home!" burst from Florentia's lips.

"And also your new home, my dear wife," was the reply she received.

They made their way into the house, and entered the old library, which showed no material change from the evening Carlton first entered it three years before.

"Well, old fellow, I begin to see through the whole thing. So this was the investment you referred to; your acting was perfect. Give us your hand, my dear fellow. You are rich without a cent in the world with such a wife."

There were tears of joy in the warm-hearted fellow's eyes, and he turned toward his wife who was busily looking out on the lawn.

"Florentia, my darling, will you forgive me? I read the reason of your refusal; won't you tell me that barrier has been forever demolished?"

"Oh, Stanley," she replied as her head went to his shoulder, "you have made me so happy." The reply was not direct but Stanley was entirely satisfied.

Our Story Teller.

For the Blade.

FLORENTIA CARROLL.

BY D. O. C.

"Oh! You've killed him!"

"No more than he deserved, but there's no such good luck as that. He's only stunned."

"Oh, dear; see the blood running down his face! I fear you really have killed him!"

"Well, if you aren't a queer one! You must have a heart that encompasses your entire body. When the miserable skunk would probably have done more than that for you, and not even have listened to a plea for mercy, then for you to become solicitous for his good health! I never saw anything like it; but come, we are wasting time here. You are all of a shiver with fright, and it would not do for me to get caught to night; so if you will tell me where to go, I'll call a carriage and take you home."

"No, don't call a carriage, for it's only a short distance and I shall feel better if we walk. I feel better now, only I see that poor man lying there with blood on face. Oh! what if you had not come! But what will they do to you if they should find you?"

"No fear of their catching me; but tell me how it happened; and won't you tell me your name?"

"My name is Carroll; Florentia Carroll. You see Janey, my old nurse, ran away a few weeks ago and got married and she wanted to see me to tell me something. She said I must come alone so no one would know, and she said she was dying, so I could not help going, you see; but here's home and papa's in the library. Why, I forgot, I did not ask your name."

"My name is Stanley Carlton."

"You must come in, Mr Carlton, and let papa thank you."

"No, I don't think I ought to go in, for this uniform might not be pleasing to his sight. Let me bid you good night here."

"No, no! You must come in, for I know papa will be glad to see you and thank you, for I cannot."

Something was the matter with Carlton; he seemed unusually excited. His ordinary grave, retiring manner was stirred by the frank and trusting manner of this girl he had so strangely encountered. His feelings, I fear, would have been difficult to analyze. Perhaps the simple, trusting manner in which she clung so closely to his arm, and the strange circumstances which had thrown them together, combined to produce this state of feeling. Certainly the look of entire confidence with which she looked into his face as she repeated her invitation, did not tend to still the strange tumult.

"I'll go in, but surely I ought not to, for every moment I delay will make my return down the river more hazardous."

As they entered the library, the sole occupant, a finely proportioned, gray haired man of perhaps 50 years of age, arose hastily.

"Pet, what's the meaning of this?"

"Papa, this is Mr. Carlton. He saved me from one of those horrid soldiers down near Court Slip. I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for Mr. Carlton. I am so afraid he killed the man, and what will they do to him?"

"What's all this about? How came you down near Court Slip this time of night?"

"I just went down to see poor Janey. She is so low I fear she will die, and she told me alone. She wanted to tell me something, and I thought I could run down and get back before any one would miss me. When I was coming back one of those soldiers spoke to me and I tried to get by, but he stopped me, and I could

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was stretched to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river, flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a barque fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and the retreating troops;
What was done? What to do? A glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a shout of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away."

Humor.

Completing the Full Score.

"What," said the Shah of Persia, one day, "means all this turmoil I hear in the streets?"

"Most High and Mighty Son of the Sunrise," replied his Grand Vizier, "it is the populace following one who calleth himself Buddha, and who gets about performing miracles."

"Let him be brought in."

The guards brought in on the run an old man of majestic appearance to whom the Shah said briefly:

"Let the hippodrome proceed."

Thereupon the alleged Buddha began his circus. He swallowed three cannon-balls without winking; he climbed an invisible pole; he rubbed the rheumatism out of a scullery-maid's shoulder; he removed a royal wart from the grand vizier's nose; he rolled lamp-lighters, lit them, and they became writhing snakes; and took a six-year-old girl out of his pocket handkerchief. These did he all most excellently. Yet did not the great ruler bat his eyes.

"Art Buddha?" he said tersely. (The Shah was very brief-winded.)

"Yea, verily."

"Then take thee this lead-pencil, friend, and drop the same upon the floor. If the end break not, then verily thou art Buddha."

But the alleged immortal, shrieking wildly, "That I have tried these many years in vain," fled forth, flung himself from the battlements, caught upon his cheek, and escaped back into the far recesses of the Himalayas. But the great monarch smiled feebly and said:

"Thus have I unmasked already nineteen Buddhas."

Sweetheart Sallie.

Mr. Sims, the father of Dr. Sims, kept the village hotel at Lancaster, S. C., was sheriff of the county four years, and a land surveyor. The history of young Marion's first flogging is amusing enough and is related with great naivete by the distinguished man, to whom it must have been a reminiscence of nearly 70 years. He has fallen in call love with a little schoolmate, Sallie Caston. To get up a flirtation he tries the effect of sprinkling water in her face at the school branch. Never had innocent effort more disastrous consequences:

"Sallie started for the school house screaming as loud as she possibly could, crying: 'Oh, dear; oh, dear.' I walked along behind her, saying: 'Sallie, you wouldn't tell the teacher, would you?' But she cried all the way up the hill. It was a short one for me. When I got to the schoolhouse Sallie was crying so loudly that Mr. Williams came out to see what was the matter. When she came within fifteen paces of the door, Sallie cried out: 'Marion Sims, he throwed water over me down by the spring; boo hoo.' The teacher said: "Well, Marion, did you throw water on Sallie?' My heart was broken for Sallie, and I stammered out: 'Yes, sir; I did.'

"As long as I had acknowledged it there was nothing more to say, and Mr. Williams knocked the love for Sallie out of me in about three minutes, and I never was in love with her after that. She was a poor, forlorn creature."

Working in the Dark.

"Ma and I," she said shyly, "are more like sisters than mother and daughter."

"Yes?" he said, with a lingering inflection on the afterguard of the yes, which rose clear to the ceiling.

"Yes, indeed," said the girl, the rosy flush on her cheeks making her infinitely more beautiful than ever. "Ma and I are inseparable. We have never been separated a single day since I was a little baby."

"N-No?" he said this time, with an inflection on the second section of no that went only half way to the ceiling and back again.

"O dear no," the girl went on in her artless way; "and ma and I always said that when I was married she was going to love my husband like her own son, and come and keep house for us."

"Oh h?" William said, with a circumflex. Then he rose up slowly and firmly and said that he had a note in bank to take up at 3 o'clock, and as it was now 9:30 he would go. And he did go; and he didn't come back; no, never. And ma said so the girl:

"That's where you missed it in not fully trusting your mother. Why didn't you tell me that man had been married before? Had I known he was a widower I would have played the 'Home for old women' racket on him."

The Bridegroom Ignored.

"Did you ever notice," queried our society young man, "how utterly no good a groom is at a wedding? Of course the affair couldn't come off without him, but he is never noticed. Every lady cranes her neck to see what the bride has on, but the groom might as well wear a pair of pajamas and a polo cap for all the notice he attracts. In congratulating the bride the guests are always careful to address her as 'Miss So-and-So,' because they seldom know the groom's name. And if the poor groom makes any blunder in trying to force his words by the heart in his throat he is snickered at, while the faltering of the bride is attributed to maidenly modesty, and she is buoyed up by the muttered 'so sweets' and 'how lovelys' of the softer sex."

Leap-Year Privileges.

"Aunt Jane, is it quite true that a lady may ask a gentleman to marry her if it is leap year?"

"Yes, my dear, quite true."

"But if he don't want to marry her, Aunt Jane, what must he do then?"

"He must give her a new black silk dress, my dear, and then she understands."

Oh! Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! Now I know why you have so many black silk dresses."—*The Judge.*

Courting in Kentucky.

One of our society young men here went to see his sweetheart a day or two ago. In his hurry to see the object of his affections he forgot to tie his horse, and the animal started for home. The girl saw the animal depart, and informed her beau, whom she describes as having "lit out" after the fugitive in so lively a manner that a smart game of "seven up" could have been played on his coat-tails as they disappeared around the nearest corner.—*Park City Times.*

BILL NYE'S LATEST.

The Trouble a Gradu

Miscellany.

Dean Richmond's Rudeness in One of His Own Railway Cars.

St. Louis Globe Democrat.

All the older tribe of railroad men remember Dean Richmond, the predecessor of Vanderbilt in the ownership of the New York Central. Here is a strong illustration of the peculiarity of his ways: It was more than 20 years ago, in a cold winter afternoon when the train started from Oswego. At Fulton, a strongly-built, coarse-featured man boarded the train in a hurry and took his seat in a vacant section. He had either been drinking much or running hard, for he was puffing and blowing with excitement of one sort or the other, and his first move after taking his seat was to throw the window of his section wide open. A young gentleman sitting behind him, who had a young lady with him, probably his sweetheart, without saying a word leaned over and shut the window down. He evidently did not intend that his girl should suffer from cold without some sort of protest. The hot and flustrated old fellow turned half around in his seat, gazed for a second at the young one, and then threw the window wide open again. The young man leaned over again, still without saying a word, and shut it. Another half turn in the seat and another insolent look at the impertinent youngster, and then the old fellow leaned his shoulders back over the arms of his section, and throwing his heels upward, dashed both of them through the glass of the window, growling: "Now open or shut it, as you please."

"You are an infamous vagabond, sir," cried the lady's escort, "and I'll report you and have you arrested for this outrage." All the other occupants of the car looked their amazement and disgust, and the conductor just coming in the offended youth cried: "Here, conductor, see what this fellow has done; I demand that you get his name and have him arrested at the next station. I'm going to Syracuse, but I'll wait at the next town to give information against him."

The offender turned half round once more and said: "It's all right; I'll go on to Syracuse with you, and you can have me arrested there."

The next station was reached, and a St. Louis gentleman who had witnessed the trouble called to the conductor: "Are you going to arrest that man?"

"Arrest h—ll! Do you think I look like I want to lose my job? That's Dean Richmond, and he owns the road."

Kisses to Grow On.

She was only a baby, but she held up her sweet, red lips, shut the bright eyes and went the rounds from one member of the family to the other, repeating the phrase she had just heard from her young mother's lips:

"Three kisses, and one to grow on."

They caught her up, the darling, and kissed and kissed her fair baby face, pulled the soft curls, squeezed the dimpled shoulders and followed her every movement with wistful, worshiping eyes, until she came to the sour, disappointed member of the family, whose worlds were all hollow, and dolls stuffed with sawdust. She tiptoed up to the stern, bearded face, and a chubby little hand on each mystifying knee.

"Three kisses, and one to grow on."

"What does all this tomfoolery mean?" inquired the gruff, grumpy voice.

"Baby is three years old to-day," said the young mother, feeling how hard it is to explain a simple, foolish custom, that has no particular meaning, "and so we give her a kiss for each year and one to grow on. But you needn't kiss her, Uncle Ben, if you don't want to."

What was it the old man saw in the limpid eyes lifted to his—a vision of the green fields and still waters of Paradises or did some prescient knowledge posses? him, that he caught her in his arms as he had never done before, and kissed her again and again. "Not want to kiss her indeed, in a broken voice, "why I should as soon think of refusing to kiss an angel from heaven. There! pet! there! and there! Now, you may grow on this one even to the heights of heaven—never short of their standard, little one. This is the old man's prayer."

"Three kisses and one to grow on;" three short and beautiful years, and now—

"How ago I cannot tell,"
For they reckon not by months and years
Where she has gone to dwell.

But I often wonder if we could not all reach nearer the gates of paradise if we had more kisses to grow on.

"To the heights of the sinless angels
The little one has grown."

Oh! great family of humanity, lead all your weary wandering ones up the divine heights by kisses. They are stronger than blows; they leave no stings like bitter words; they are blessed memories that blossom in our crown of thorns when those whom we kissed have gone from us a little way beyond tears or kisses; grown on that precious nourishment into the higher life, in that whose builder and maker is God.

The Names of Parties.

Indianapolis Journal.

It is a curious fact that the names of many political parties in this and other countries were originally given them in derision by their opponents. In a spirit of defiant pride, the names at first intended as tones of reproach by adversaries were adopted and perpetuated, so that in this way many great parties have gone into history with inglorious names.

The word "Whig" has several derivations. All agree that it has a Scotch origin. The best authorities derive it from "whiggamore," a term by which certain Scotch freebooters and vagabonds were known. Disraeli, however, derives it from "whigg," the name of a Scotch beverage of sour milk, and so, he says, expressive of the disposition of the Whigs.

The name "Tory" is of Irish origin, was the name by which certain Irish robbers were known. Both words, whig and tory, were first used in England in a political sense about the year 1680 A. D.

The Know-nothing party was a secret, oath bound organization, and took its name from the fact that its members, in answer to inquiries about the party usually responded, "I know nothing."

The phrase of "Locofoco Democrat" was applied to extremists of the Democratic party. At a meeting of Tammany hall, in 1834, dissensions arose. To break up the meeting, one of the quarreling factions put out the lights. The other faction lighted matches, and finally had the hall relighted. Matches were then called locofocos.

The words "Democratic" and "Republican" are both dignified and significant party names. Their meaning is too well known to require comment.

Married Him to Get Rid of Him.

Recently in deciding a case coming before him, Judge Duffy unconsciously perpetrated an old satire in a new form on the marital relations. A man was brought up charged with kissing his former sweetheart against her will. He pleaded that when they were engaged he kissed her "a thousand times a day," and the habit had become incurable. The Judge discharged the man with a warning, but soon after he left the court-room he repeated the offense. He was called back. The girl refused again to charge him with assault. The man said he could not resist the temptation. The Judge said he could not punish him unless complaint was made, or prevent him kissing the girl as often as he thereafter liked. "I'll tell you what to do to stop it," said the Judge to the girl. "What, your Honor?" she asked. "He seems a decent sort of a fellow and evidently loves you. Marry him and stop his annoying you in that way." This seems a parallel case to that of the wife who said she had married her husband "to get rid of him"—meaning his importunities.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Beware of Imitations.

Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

Rules of the Road.

How Our Road Customs Originated, and How They Differ from the English.

"Turn to the right as the law directs," is not only law but practice in all parts of our country. This is one of the few cases in which we have changed the custom of our English ancestors without any reason; but while making the legal change in regard to the relative movement of approaching teams we retain their custom of near and off side, and place our drivers, as they do, on the right or off side. Turning out to right or left may be an indifferent matter, but the driver's seat is important in either case and our habit in this regard is not good horsemanship. The English driver turning to the left and himself sitting on the right, is nearest to the team he avoids, can better measure his distance from it and may drive much closer, being able to keep his eye upon the hubs of the opposite team. Our driver turning to the right and sitting on that side is the width of his vehicle from the other carriage, and has the person on the seat with him between. In any case he can only be expected to calculate his distance, and though our drivers become very skillful in the calculation, inexperience and carelessness often hold the reins and we suffer serious accidents from collisions. In heavily loaded teams we find another difficulty. All our horses are accustomed to be approached and handled on the left, or near side, consequently the teamster with four horses and a great load, walks by his team on the left and is thus exposed to the wheels of the passing carriage, and has the awkward necessity, if using horses accustomed merely to the rein, of getting hold of a line on the off-side by reaching over his horses's backs.

It is true in this country teams are usually driven with reins and that wagoners seldom walk by them and in that case the objection I have made does not appear, but all drivers have seen what I have described.

In England the wagoner walks beside his team. He takes the left side to have free use of the right hand in dealing with his horses; hence the phrase "near side." It is his natural and proper motion, in meeting vehicles, to draw his horses towards himself and let vehicles pass on the off side. The writer lives upon a road that connects manufacturing villages and hilly woodlands with a large town and railroad station. Coal, wood, shoddy or cotton in vast piled up loads drawn by four and six horses go one way, and manufactured goods, wood, lumber, etc., are drawn to the town; here the American fashion is seen at its worst; the horses are not raised in the district and are "swapped" with Yankee frequency, consequently they do not often know the language or manners of their drivers so that when he walks by their side they practically claim the road. I do not expect in these remarks to lead in any reform, but would suggest, especially to drivers of small experience, the greater safety of sitting always on the near or left side of the carriage, so that they can better see their distance from passing vehicles.

Judge Williams Shoots a Possum.

Nashville World.

"Speaking of possums," remarked Col J. H. Moore, "I and several other boys once played the best joke on Judge A. J. Williams, of Winchester. When several years younger than I am now a company of us went one night on an old-fashioned possum hunt, but the possum fate (perhaps you might say the possum fat) was not propitious, for after various false starts we caught nothing. We separated finally, Judge Jack Williams going with one squad and I with another, and our squad succeeded in catching a little possum about as big as your fist. I took the 'infant industry,' and, climbing a tree, tied his tail hard and fast to a limb, head down; having been in the navy, I was a first-rate climber in those days. When Judge Jack came up the possum was pointed out to him. Getting his gun ready, 'Now, ain't that just like a possum,' smiled the Judge, 'to hang himself by the tail? But stand aside, boys, I'll bring him down.'

"Bang—bang—bang! but the possum swung to and fro like a pendulum, and refused to come down.

"He loaded and loaded and reloaded, and fired away, and again and again, until he had broken every bone in the possum's body, and hardly left him an inch of hide. We all expressed astonishment that any animal could hold on after a dozen lives had been shot out of him. 'Humph!' grunted Judge Jack; 'that's nothing: I've known a possum to hang by the tail two hours after death many a time. I'll climb up and knock the tail holt loose.' Reaching the limb, he saw through the joke. 'But pshaw,' uttered the Judge as he slipped to the ground, 'I knew you boys were fooling me all along.'

* * * Piles, fistulas and rupture radically cured. Book of particulars two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Uncertainty of a Jury's Verdict.

Popular Science Monthly.

An opinion is gaining ground that jury verdicts are no more certain to be just than the decisions of judges who have been trained to weigh evidence. Perhaps it is this conviction which secures acquiescence in the practice described as follows by C. H. Stephens: "But—and this is another difference between the real and the ideal in the jury system—we have in a large number of cases the more extraordinary spectacle of a jury solemnly sitting through a trial for the purpose of listening to the evidence and forming their own opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, and then being instructed by the court as to the verdict they shall find. It is, as every one knows, the most common of occurrences for the Judge to lecture the jury upon their verdict and to refuse to receive it. That the Judge should be more correct than the jury is not impossible, but then—wherefore the jury? In an English case in which the jury had brought in 'guilty' Mr. Justice Maule addressed the prisoner as follows: 'Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent, the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent, I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, and it does not seem to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is that you be kept in imprisonment for one day, and, as that day was yesterday, you may now go about your business.'"

How Ladies Came to Attend Congress.

The ladies did not at first attend the sessions of Congress, probably because a early days it was regarded as almost reasonable for a lady to enter the British ouses of Parliament. But when the amous "Jay treaty" was brought home or ratification, the House came near refusing to make an appropriation to carry t into effect, and warm debates ensued. One night at a party, Mrs. Langdon, of New Hampshire, expressed her regret to Hon. Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, that she could not hear the arguments, especially his speeches. Mr. Ames replied that he knew of no reason why ladies should not be permitted to hear the debates. "Then," replied Mrs. Langdon, "if you will let me know when you next intend to speak I will make up a party of ladies and we will go and hear you." The notice was given, the ladies went, and since then Congressional orators have always had fair hearers, with others, perhaps, not very fair.

YOUNG MEN—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Bellicose Congressmen.

A Memorable Scene in the House Nearly Thirty Years Ago.

The scrimmage in the House of Representatives early on Saturday morning, February 9, 1858, was an exciting affair as seen from the reporter's gallery. It was inaugurated by Keitt, of South Carolina, who rushed belligerently at Grow, of Pennsylvania, when he received—not from Grow, however—a blow that knocked him down. A dozen Southern men at once left their seats and rushed to the spot, while as many anti-Lecompton men came to the rescue. Foremost came Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, a very athletic, compact man, who bounded into the center of the excited group, striking right and left with tremendous vigor. Washburne, of Illinois, and his brother, of Wisconsin, were also prominent, and for a minute or two it seemed as though we were to have a Kilkenny fight on a magnificent scale. Barksdale had hold of Grow, when Potter struck him a severe blow, supposing that he was hurting that gentleman. Barksdale, turning around and supposing it was Elihu Washburne who struck him, dropped Grow and struck out at the gentleman from Illinois. Cadwallader Washburne, perceiving the attack upon his brother, also made a dash at Mr. Barksdale and seized him by the hair, apparently for the purpose of drawing him "into chancery" and pummelling him to greater satisfaction. Horrible to relate, Mr. Barksdale's wig came off in Cadwallader's left hand, and his right fist expended itself with tremendous force against the unresisting air. This ludicrous incident unquestionably did much towards restoring good nature subsequently, and its effect was heightened not a little by the fact that in the excitement of the occasion Barksdale restored his wig wrong side foremost.

The speaker yelled and rapped for order without effect. The sergeant-at-arms stalked to the scene of battle, mace in hand, but his "American eagle" had no more effect than the speaker's gavel. Owen Lovejoy, and Lamar of Mississippi were pawing each other at one point—each probably trying to persuade the other to be still. Mr. Mott, the gray-haired Quaker representative from Ohio, [of Toledo], was seen going here and there in the crowd. Davis, of Mississippi, got a severe but accidental blow from Mr. Grow, and various gentlemen sustained slight bruises and scratches. A Virginia representative, who thought Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, was about to "pitch in," laid his hand upon his arm to restrain him, and was peremptorily ordered to desist or be knocked down. Mr. Covode, of Pennsylvania, caught up a heavy stoneware spittoon with which to "brain" whoever might seem to deserve it, but fortunately did not get far enough into the excited crowd to find an appropriate subject for his vengeance, and all over the hall every body was excited for the time.

Fortunately it did not last long and no weapons were openly displayed. When order was restored several gentlemen were found to present an excessively tumbled and disordered appearance, but there remained little else to recall the excitement. Gentlemen of opposite parties crossed over to each other to explain their pacific disposition and that they got into a fight where their only purpose was to prevent a fight. Mutual explanations and a hearty laugh at the ludicrous points of the drama were followed by quiet and a return to business.—*Ben: Perley Poore's Recollections.*

Catarrh

Is a very prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease, liable, if neglected, to develope into serious consumption. Being a constitutional disease, it requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh in even its most severe forms. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A TREE FROG'S TACTICS.

How He Made Himself at Home Where Game was Plenty.

St. Nicholas.

One sultry night, in Indiana, I sat busily writing upstairs close to an open window. My lamp, placed upon my desk, attracted countless numbers of the insect world that come out to see their friends after dark; there was a constant buzz around the lamp, and many a scorched victim, falling on its back, vainly kicked its little legs in air.

Suddenly a clear low whistle sounded from the window—a whistle somewhat like the sound made when a boy blows into the orifice of a trunk key. Startled for a moment I turned my chair and beheld on the window sill a little tree frog gravely looking at me. His skin—of an exquisite pale apple-green color—shone in the lamp light. Fearful that I might frighten him away, I sat motionless in the chair, watching him intently. Presently he gave another little whistle, as clear and sharp as a bird note. He was evidently making up his mind that I was to be trusted (a confidence not misplaced,) and soon he gave an easy spring and was on the desk before me. I hardly dared to breathe lest he should be alarmed. He looked at me carefully for a few minutes, then hopping under the lamp, he began a slaughter of the insect creation such as I had never before witnessed. He captured in a flash, any careless moth or fly that came near him, declining to touch the dead ones that had cremated themselves.

After half an hour's enjoyment of this kind my apple-green friend hopped father inziy across the desk, repeated th whistle with which he had entered—as ie to say good-night—and went out into the dark. I proceeded with my work and soon forgot my visitor. But judge my surprise when the next night he again appeared, again sigaled his coming with his musical cry, and again took up his position under the lamp.

For nearly three weeks did my small friend visit me nightly, and he and I became great friends. House flies were his special delicacy. Stealthily crawling up the painted wall, clinging to the smoooth surface with the little disks or suckers on his feet, he would draw close up to his body first one leg and then the other, and when within proper distance he would dart forward and, snatching the fly, would swing head downward, his hind feet firmly glued to the wall. Then, attaching his forefeet, he would move on in quest of another.

He never missed his aim, and he would quietly and calmly zigzag up and down the side wall after every fly he saw there; He became quite accustomed to me, and would hop on my hand and sit there looking at me with a grave composure ludicrous to behold.

"A little fire is quickly trodden out
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench."

Procrastination may rob you of time, but by increased diligence you may make up the loss, but if it rob you of life the loss is irremediable. If your health is delicate, your appetite fickle, your sleep broken, your mind depressed, your whole being out of sorts, depend on it you are seriously diseased. In all such cases Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will speedily effect a genuine, radical cure—make a new man of you and save you from the tortures of lingering disease.

McLean to Have a New York "Organ."

It is understood in New York newspaper circles that John R. McLean, of Cincinnati, has purchased John Kelly's paper, the *Star*, for $150,000 cash and will immediately enlarge it to eight pages, and run it as a Democratic rival to the *World*, *Sun* and *Herald*. Mr. McLean has long been ambitious to own a metropolitan paper and has been looking over matters there for several months past. The *Star* is said to be losing $4,000 per week at present, and has never been a paying property. John Kelly is still sick, and has knocked off $50,000 from the price recently asked for the paper in order to get rid of it.

Fresh French Aphorisms.

Luck is the sole merit of the other man.

A club is a truce to married life.

A woman's tongue is her sword, and she never suffers it to grow rusty.

A secret is your slave so long as it is kept, but you are its slave the moment it is told.

THAT HORRID CAMERA.

Startling Evidence in a California Breach of Promise Case.

San Francisco Post.

A breach of promise case is now pending at Marysville which exhibits some peculiar features. It seems the defendant, a young man named Augustus Scudberry, is a member of that rapidly increasing class of persons known as amateur instantaneous photographic cranks. This individual had become so enthused over the achievements of European photographers in obtaining negatives of birds flying, horses running away, tigers seizing their prey, etc., that he made himself a holy nuisance prowling around after people with his portable camera, electric slides, and things. One day he would be found ambushed beside the railway track and filling up the switch-tenders with beer, in the happy anticipation of catching a good impression of a first-class smashup; the next, he was trying to bribe some dying man's family to allow him to take a snap shot at the patient just when the death-rattle set in. In fact, it is stated that once, when some miners were having a terrific quarrel in a barroom, Scudberry suddenly appeared in the doorway with his instrument over his head and exclaimed excitedly:

"Wait until I put on a dry plate before you shoot, gentlemen! Get your pistols ready and fire together when I say three; I want to get in all the flashes."

Well, as we were going to say, this same Scudberry was engaged to a girl named Pilffey, and somehow he got the idea into his head that Amelia—her name was Amelia, and she wore a number four shoe, which is mighty good for a Marysville girl—was untrue to him; in fact, that she was still encouraging the attentions of a dry-goods clerk named Boggs.

So Scudberry, having just received an automatic clockwork attachment to his apparatus, carried his machine over to his fiancee's house on pretense of taking the pictures of the family. He took Amelia's mother in the act of spanking the baby; he took the baby in the act of swallowing a pin; took the cat in the act of catching a mouse, took dinner and then took his leave. Scudberry explained that he was to be out of town that evening and asked that his camera be allowed to stand in the corner of the parlor until his return the next day.

That night Boggs, the alleged rival, called on Amelia and it is natural to suppose that they were both unaware that the photographic apparatus in the corner—the lens of which was adjusted so as to rake the sofa fore and aft, so to speak—was automatically adjusted to take an instantaneous negative at precisely 11:30 p. m., that being the hour when the jealous Scudberry supposed the festivities would be in progress, if at all. At all events, the couple were startled at about that period by a peculiar click from Scudberry's machine and which they understood better the next day when that gentleman indignantly broke his engagement and exhibited a picture which he sarcastically labeled "No. 461, Graeco-Roman Hugging Match."

Miss Pilffey immediately brought suit for breach of promise, Boggs testifying that he was only rehearsing a contemplated tableau with the plaintiff. Meanwhile Scudberry has filed the photograph as evidence, and the whole town is waiting anxiously for the verdict. As soon as it is rendered the whole story will be carefully dramatized for the theater as one of the most thrilling episodes of life in the Far West.

Unless the breath is like a spicy gale,
Unless the teeth gleam like the driven snow,
There is no dimpling smile or tender tale,
Grateful to summer's eye or ear, we know,
The tale would lose its charm—the smile be gone,
Unless within the spell of SOZODONT.

UP A FLAGSTAFF.

The Dilemma in Which the Enthusiastic Parkhurst Found Himself.

Philadelphia Times.

The neighbors of Maurice J. Parkhurst of North Eighteenth street advised him when he put a flagstaff on top of his house in order to celebrate Gov. Cleveland's election that his idea of having a gilt ball in the middle of the pole was absurd. Mr. Parkhurst thought that he knew better, however, and so ran his halliards up through the ball and floated the standard of Democracy from the top. He swore, moreover, that the flag should always fly from his roof during the incumbency of his party. The wind of Saturday night interfered with this plan, and yesterday morning found Mr. Parkhurst's banner flat on the slates. Its owner while eating his breakfast told his wife that it should be put up again before he went to church, and that he had climbed trees when he was a boy. Accordingly he repaired to the roof, and, finding that the rope was broken, proceeded to shin up the pole. He found no difficulty in getting to the top, and, having fixed the rope, started back.

The location of the gilt ball interrupted Mr. Parkhurst's down trip. After he had let his legs go below the ball he found that its protuberance was so great as to prevent his closing them about the pole beneath. Mrs. Parkhurst, who had been admiring her husband from the scuttle, screamed as she saw his dilemma. He climbed back to the top of the ball and took in the situation. Along Columbia avenue, near where Mr. Parkhurst lives, people began to go to church. Mr. Parkhurst tried again, but found that the circumference of the ball and the length of his legs retained their original relations. Meantime his wife ran for the neighbors. When they came they saw the obvious impossibility of either cutting the pole down or getting a ladder long enough to reach the middle of it. Mr. Parkhurst swore. Then a thought occurred to him. "Just catch hold of that halliard and let me down easy," he said. "The pulley's new and I guess it will hold." Two men immediately manned the life line, and in the manner of a flag, Mr. Parkhurst was flaunted gracefully to the roof. He immediately hauled up his banner, and said yesterday that he would continue to keep it and the gilt ball in their old positions.

—Recognizing the superior excellence of the St. Louis Magazine, we have arranged to furnish it with the WEEKLY BLADE at the low price of $1.75 a year for both publications, the Magazine, under its large and improved condition, being $1.50 alone. Sample copy of Magazine and set of gold colored picture cards sent to anyone for 10 cents. Address C. Gilmore, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

LEATHER FOR MANY USES.

The Saddler and the Female Wardrobe—Garters and Other Articles of Leather.

New York Mail and Express.

"The ladies wear 'em," said an uptown saddler, handing a reporter a couple of little fancy straps, buckled together like dog collars. "Very neat—eh?"

"What are they?" asked the scribe.

"Why don't you see," and he spread his finger out in the ring and held it off admiringly. "They are ladies' garters. Very handsome and tony. Leather garters are very fashionable with ladies now. Haven't you observed—but oh! of course not, excuse me. The leather does not bind like rubber—and then, too, these little straps are so much neater. They buckle closely just above the calf and stay always the same. The regular size is eighteen inches—they never go beyond that and generally they have to be buckled up very much smaller. It is very seldom a lady requires the full length. You see they are lined with soft red flannel. They are buckled close until they sink a little into the soft flesh. They don't make ridges like the elastic will upon delicate skin, and they are perfectly comfortable. Sometimes they are worn above the knee. Yes, men wear them, too, sometimes. Many men wear long hose and garters. Ladies are getting a great fancy for leather. They are wearing it very much for trimmings for hats and dresses. The other day I sold a fashionable lady leather for collars, cuffs and broad bands to go around the skirt. They use it just as they would velvet for trimming. One lady brought a piece of leather here all stamped to be cut out like lace work."

Val Flowers was killed at Crystal Springs, La., by Ben Jordan.

Recent Literature.

EPISODES OF MY SECOND LIFE. By Antonio Gallenga. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This volume is the record of the experiences of an Italian patriot who took up his residence in the United States, and whose experiences took him to England and other countries. It is a most delightful collection of gossip, written in an entertaining manner, and full of bits of history, accounts of men in whom the public have an interest and things which the public relish. It is a most entertaining as well as useful volume, and will be widely read.

A PENNILESS GIRL. From the German of W. Heimburg. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A thoroughly good translation of an excellent novel by a well-known German author. The story in the original is excellent, and it has not lost its flavor in the change to the English. It is a delightful novel, and will be as popular in America as it is in Germany.

THE NUTSHELL SERIES. By Helen Kendricks. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Six beautiful little volumes, of Philosophy, Wit, Wisdom, Sentiment, etc., selected from the writings of the immortals. The set will make a very beautiful present, and useful as well.

MEN OF INVENTION AND INDUSTRY. By Samuel Smiles. New York: Harper Bros.

This volume by the everywhere known Smiles, is a work which may be read with profit by every one. It contains brief but at the same time full biographies of the men who have l—ented the world by their inventions, written in a most entertaining way. The book is of permanent value, as are all the works of the distinguished author.

MARY JANE PAPERS. By A. G. Plympton. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

A very pleasant story for children, some chapters of which originally appeared in St. Nicholas. It is a pleasantly written book, the matter being more attractive between the covers than it was in the magazine. It is profusely illustrated by the author. It will hold its place among the unnumbered hosts of children's books.

A MATTER OF TASTE. By George H. Picard. New York, White, Stokes & Allen.

A novel by a well known author, which is neither great nor inferior. It is simply a pleasant story written in good taste, and which makes pleasant if not profitable reading.

ARTISTIC TABLEAUX. By Josephine Pollard. New York: White Stokes & Allen.

Living pictures have always been and always will be a favorite species of entertainment. This volume contains full directions for Tableaux of every description, costumes, arrangement and all so plainly written and so simply illustrated that there need be no difficulty in arranging one evening's entertainment or an hundred from it. It is a book of positive value.

PICTURES IN SONG. By Clinton Scollard. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

A small and dainty volume of poems, some of which are good, some mediocre and some of which nothing need be said. There are a few that are exceedingly sweet and tender, and the majority of them have merit.

CUSTOM AND MYTH. By Andrew Lang. New York: Harper Bros.

An exceedingly interesting volume, containing an account of the myths and customs of all nations, their origin and philosophy. The author has investigated the customs of all nations and peoples, and has traced the cause of their doing back to their source. There is many a custom which obtain in every day life, the reason for which has been lost. Mr. Lang's work will be found exceedingly interesting to those who desire to know the reason why.

PRINCE LAZYBONES, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mrs. W. J. Hays. New York: Harper Bros.

Mrs. Hays is well known as a most successful writer of fairy stories for children, and all of her books have been more than successful. The present volume is beautifully illustrated and printed, and will be found very popular as a Holiday book for children.

THE CORRESPONDENCE AND DIARIES OF JOHN WILSON CROKER. Edited by Louis J. Jennings. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

John Wilson Croker was Secretary to the admiralty from 1809 to 1830, and what he did not know of the inside history of English politics and politicians was not worth knowing. The two volumes containing his correspondence and diaries will form a valuable addition to the authentic materials for the political and literary history of the present century. We are shown, under the hands of many of the leaders in the political arena, how and why they acted at periods of critical importance. Anecdotes of universal interest come to us at first hand; we are taken into the best company—generals, statesmen, and literary men, such as Wellington, Canning, Lyndhurst, Peel, Lord Ashburton, Lord Aberdeen, Sir James Graham, Guizot, Metternich, Sir Walter Scott, Isaac D'Israeli, Lockhart, and others—see them in their lighter as well as graver moods, and carry away in all cases a more vivid, and in some a more pleasing impression of them, than we have before entertained. And while of especial value to those who take a deep interest either in politics or literature, these volumes must, we feel assured, prove attractive in no ordinary degree to the general reader.

PROFESSOR CONANT. By Hon. L. S. Huntington, late postmaster-general of Canada. Cloth, 292 pp. R. Worthington, 770 Broadway, New York.

This book is really a study of democracy—not the party, but the political system—under the guise of a novel. This story is good, and is well told; and the political observations do not detract one whit from the interest of the narrative. The preface tells us that the characters are real, and that the author's work has been chiefly that of the reporter. We fancy his skill as a novelist has been called into play rather frequently, however.

ST. NICHOLAS.

This capital winter number opens appropriately with a poem by Celia Thaxter, entitled "The Child and the Year." Another timely article is the breezy and exciting ice-yachting story by E. Vinton Blake, while John R. Coryell contributes a bright and home-like story, called "Baby Deb 'Pays' for the Christmas Goose."

"Historic Girls," a new companion series to "Historic Boys" by E. S. Brooks, is begun by the same author, in the same interesting style, with an account of the girlhood days of Queen Elizabeth. J. T. Trowbridge continues his serial; "Davy and the Goblin" go through another installment of the most surprising and illogical adventures; and Edmund Alton tells a great many more instructive and entertaining things he learned when he was a boy-pag "Among the Law-makers."

Louisa M. Alcott and H. H. Boyesen bring their two very short serials to an end.

There is a spirited full-page picture of a very old-fashioned elephant with tusks curved the wrong way, by J. B. Nugent, and a description of it by C. F. Holder, and a great deal besides of the same bright, healthful, and happy sort.

NOTES.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1885, containing many valuable additions in the text and several new engravings, is now being sent to patrons of the famous seed house at Rochester, N. Y. The *Guide* is a useful little work for those who love and cultivate flowers.

We have received the initial copy of "Hudson's Army and Navy List," containing a fully revised alphabetical list of all officers of the army, navy, and marine corps of the United States, giving their and postoffice address. Such a list has long been needed, and will prove of great utility to the officers themselves, to business men, editors and others for reference purposes. The "List" will be revised and published monthly by the "Army and Navy Register Publishing Company," Washington, D. C.; price 25 cents per copy.

Whisky's Work.

Fred Barienbrock, a Dayton, O., saloonkeeper, committed suicide on account of financial embarrassment.

A saloon-keeper named Gisagree, of Berlin, O., while drunk, abused his family most shamefully, and almost immediately afterward accidentally fell down stairs and rolled into the yard, where he lay all night and froze to death.

About one hundred saloonkeepers were arrested in New York for violating the excise law by selling liquor on Sunday.

A Greensburg, Pa., special says: "While on a lark Saturday night four young men, named Joseph Randall, Charles Smith, George Nichols and Robertson procured half a gallon of alcohol at a drug store at Mt. Pleasant and drank it, mixing a portion with oyster stews ordered at Eicher's saloon. Sunday all were taken dangerously sick, and Randall and Smith died in great agony. The other two are still living, and will probably recover."

Columbia River Canmery.

Mr. George Home, one of the largest canners of fish on Columbia river, Oregon, says that he suffered with rheumatism for seven years, having spent six months at Arkansas Hot Springs, and at Paso Robles Springs, Cal., four months in every year, without benefit. Finally he tried the Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, and in a short time all soreness and soreness of the joints disappeared.

The Camp Fire.

Chat Around the Camp Fire.

H. C. Hendrickson, Co. G, 14th New Jersey, Covington, Ind., writes: "I saw comrade Eckle's letter giving his experience of rebel prisons. I boarded at Andersonville for 305 days. Comrades, do you remember when those six men were hung? What a wild scene was presented around the gallows! Starved, ragged and dirty were our poor union boys; on the outside, on the forts, were the Johnnies, with lanyard in hand, each piece of artillery charged with canister shot. How those ugly muzzles frowned on us! At the least outbreak they would have fired on us. I would be glad to hear from any of the Andersonville squad."

S. W. McFarland, Detroit, Kansas, wants to hear from comrades of the 12th Kentucky Infantry or 13th Kentucky Cavalry. His father was a member of the former regiment nearly two years, when he was discharged, from inability. He afterward joined the 13th.

George W. Taylor, corporal Co. I, 3d Iowa Cav., Omaha, Patman county, Mo., writes an interesting account of the fight at Tupelo, which we cannot use because it is written on both sides of the paper. He wishes to hear from his old comrades.

Danl. Huffman, Co. B., 58th Indiana, wishes some of the 59th, or of the 5th Iowa or 4th Minnesota, to write up the Vicksburg and Jackson campaign.

Rev. Wm. Middleton, late Chaplain of the 77th U. S. Colored infantry, sends a poem that we should be glad to publish were it not so long.

J. P., Co. K, 81 Mo. Cav., wishes some comrade to tell the date of the battle of Pilot Knob, and would like to have some of his old comrades of Co. K write through the CAMP FIRE.

W. S. Stowe, Springfield, Neb., wants to hear by letter from his comrades of Co. K, 1st Vermont Cavalry.

"One of Co. A, Merrill Horse Cavalry," dating from Pueblo, Col., calls "boots and saddles" to his comrades, and wants to hear from them through the CAMP FIRE. Comrade, always sign your name; it will not be published if you do not wish it.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

I would like the address of any officer or member of Co. E, 37th Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, that went out in the spring of 1864.—WESLEY RITCHIE, Avoca, Pottawattomie Co., Iowa.

A Massachusetts Colonel Tells of the Assault on Ft. Wagner.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

I read with interest comrade W. L. Adamson's, (Co. A., 62d Ohio), letter about the assault upon, and siege of Fort Wagner. Yes! Old comrade, I well remember that July night. I was in the front line of the leading regiment (54th Massachusetts), Strong's brigade, and went straight through the ditch to the top of the parapet. Those of us who reached this point found plenty of work, for the fort seemed full of men very willing to meet us. Col. Shaw, Capts. Simpkins and Russell were killed in our fight on the curtain. They were on my left. While fighting on the fort, I saw a color of Putnam's brigade planted on the bastion on the right, and fighting going on about it. (When after the siege we were repairing the fort, we found bits of that flag buried in the sand. I have one piece now.)

After fighting until all the men we had with us were killed or wounded, Capt. Jones, (who, I think, was once connected with the BLADE,) Lieut. Emerson and the writer turned to the right and climbed into the bastion, where we found some of the 48th New York, and on the other side of the bastion, or on the bomb-proof, I suppose comrade Adamson was. However, we did not get introduced, for I know I had my hands full. The Johnnies fought us over traverse and from the door of the bomb-proof. Capt. Jones was shot through the shoulder and fell against me. In a moment after, as the fight thinned out nearly off, and a smashing wound in the breast, the writer lay by him. The fighting was over, and we all got out somehow.

I could walk, and thinking we could hold the fort, went to find reinforcements. The first general found said the troops were to fall back, and ordered me to a surgeon. One of the officers who watched our attack from Gilmore's works, when asked how it looked when the assault was delivered, said: "It looked as if both doors of hell were open, and you going in." I do not wonder Adamson lays stress on the fire.

Comrade, cannot you see the stern, pale faces of the boys in the column, prepared for the assault, the September morning that the Johnnies evacuated Wagder? And what a glad shout arose when the word passed along that the fort, so stubbornly defended, was won! In the assault of July 18 we had about 1,600 yards to go, with five forts to play on us, besides musketry, and no cover. Commodore Nicher, of the rebel navy, told the writer that the read our signals and reinforced the fort to meet our assault. The ossault should not have been made. It was a useless waste of life.

COL. A., 54th Mass.

As to the Farmington Fight.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

I notice communications of comrade George W. Copley and the remarks of J. G. Heaps, in your issue of December 18, in regard to the battle fought by the 27th Illinois at Farmington, Miss., May 9th, 1862, and of their statements in regard to Col. Miles's death that day. Now, I don't recollect if the 27th Illinois was there or not; but I do recollect that the 47th Illinois was there, and their lieutenant colonel was Daniel L. Miles, and that he was killed that day, and if either of the comrades will examine Adjt. Gen. Fuller's report for 1861 and 1862, they will find that it will bear me out in my statement. But as to any commands he gave on that day, I don't know, as I was in another regiment, and on the skirmish line. I also recollect very vividly of making some good time towards the rear, by somebody's command higher than a lieutenant colonel. I recollect also that we

L. P., Knoxville, Ia.: The Louisville *Courier-Journal* is about as rabid a Democratic paper as there is in the South.

C. L., Wauseon, O.:

Is there any way of obtaining the address of persons in Ireland?

Write to Consuls A. B. Wood, Belfast; John J. Platt, Cork; or B. H. Barrows, Dublin.

A. A. S., Whiting, Kan.:

Give exact number of Republicans and Democrats who served in the late war.

We have given the army vote for McClellan and Lincoln several times, and that is all we can can do. Here it is again: Lincoln, 119,754; McClellan, 34,291.

S. S. S., Richfield, O.:

1. Can "drummers" travel by railway at lower rates than the general public? 2. Do you know whether there are any firms in New York or elsewhere that employ women to travel and sell goods?

1. Yes, by buying tickets good for several thousand miles. 2. No, but there may be such firms.

Sub., Steptoe, W. T.:

1. Is there a paper printed in Springfield, O., called the *Farm and Fireside*? 2. If a citizen files on 160 acres does he thereby lose his right provided he does not sell or in any way get any benefit therefrom, having good reason for not complying with the law, so as to be able to make final proof?

1. Yes, unless it has suspended recently. 2. Think not, if he can satisfy the officials of the facts.

F. S. H., Puyallup, W. T.:

1. Why is the capital of Holland called "the Hague?" 2. What is the population of St. Helena Island?

1. The Dutch is 'S Gravenhaag, which signifies "the count's hedge, grove, or wood," and appears to have owed its origin to a hunting seat of the counts of Holland, situated in a wood. It became a palace, however, as early as 1250, and around it many other houses were soon erected. 2. About 7,000.

H. W. C., West Millgrove, O.:

1. From what state did Gen. Rosecrans come? 2. How many Democratic soldiers from Ohio? 3. Was there any trouble at or before the battle of Chickamauga between Gens. Rosecrans and Halleck as a cause for Rosecrans's removal?

1. He was born at Kingston, O., in 1819. 2. McClellan received 9,797 votes from Ohio soldiers in the field; do not know how many more Democrats were in the army who would not vote for him. Lincoln's vote was 41,146. 3. No. Greeley says some one had to suffer for Halleck's mistakes, and Rosecrans happened to be the one.

Sub., Lebanon, O.:

1. Was the Japanese tea colony, that was put in operation in California a few years since, a success? 2. Are there now any tea plantations in the United States that are successful in their competition with Oriental tea-growers?

1. Think not. 1. No. Commissioner Le Duc, of the agricultural department, prevailed on Congress to make an appropriation of some $18,000 for experiments in connection with the culture of tea. A tract of land was purchased in South Carolina, and a force put to work at an expense of $500 per month. As far as we can make out, the mule team is the only thing left of Le Duc's tea farm.

L. W., of Osco, Ill., says the BLADE was very dull in pronouncing "mugwump" a new word, etc., and asks us to print a speech made by Dr. Wm. Everett, in which the learned orator said "mugwump" was an Indian word, and meant a duke, nobleman or lord. The BLADE'S Indian editor was absent at the time the question was answered, having taken a brief trip up Salt River for the benefit of his health. He is at his post now, and says he distinctly remembers that about 2,000 years ago, when he was a big Injun in Massachusetts, and knew all about lords and dukes, mugwump was the title of the chief ruler. Of course this settles the matter, and disposes of the story sent by another correspondent, to the effect that a "mugwump" is a miserable little thing to be found on the prairies, and makes a disagreeable noise when disturbed. The Indian editor was asked if he knew the meaning of the word dude in the Aztec language. He took down an illustrated dictionary, printed on slippery elm bark, and dated 17,976 B. F. (before the flood.) Turning to page 14,724, he put his finger on a hieroglyphic resembling a pitchfork with a hat on. He then explained that the word dude, in the mound-builders' language, was the short way of saying greasy hair-pin, slick-em-up, or he feels his oats. There is nothing like having an Indian editor about a printing office when knotty questions are to be answered.

Delayed Subscriptions.

[NOTE—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their FORMER as well as their PRESENT address.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

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Letter containing 20c, no date, signed D.M. Reiman, paper to go to John Black.

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If E. B. Hamaker, P. M. of Chesterville will give his full address the matter will be looked into.

Letter containing 20c, no date, signed F. F. Blair.

A list of 15 names, no date, no order.

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Letter containing 25c, no date, order or name.

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Letter containing $1, dated at Dow, Wabash Co., Ind., no signature.

Letter containing 20c, dated at Guilford, no State, paper to go to L. W. Thrall, signed L. L. Rowlund.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Garrett, signed C. Boon.

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Letter containing $1, dated at Bangor, no State, signed J. H. James.

Letter containing $1, dated at Dover, no State, signed Mrs. Eliza J. Vahue.

Letter containing $1, no date, paper to go to J. C. Zaqm, signed A. Daggett.

Parties remitting money or express order SHOULD ALWAYS give their name and address. We often get money without either, and afterwards inquiries as to the receipt of the money. Our patrons will please bear this in mind, as we can do nothing without their NAME and ADDRESS IN FULL.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers, enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With BLADE.
Chimney Corner	4 00	4 30
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The Century	4 00	4 60

In making this proposition we stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same postoffice, but may order the BLADE sent to their subscribers (paid for by removing their address) and we will do the rest.

Sir John Lubbock's Dog.

Sir John Lubbock continues his curious experiments with his dog, and he hopes in time to make the creature as accomplished as the average biped. It is about eighteen months since he began the education of this wonderful poodle "Van." His idea was that the dog, if he wanted anything, should ask for it, and, as his bark might not be intelligible, a series of cards were arranged by which he might make known his desires. Thus a card labelled "Food" is laid within his reach, and when he is hungry he takes it up in his mouth and brings it to his master. In the same way, if he wants to go out, he picks up a card with the word "Out" upon it, and brings that up. Another and very favorite card with him is labelled "Bone," for its presentation is followed by the bestowal of a toothsome morsel. The pieces of cardboard are about ten inches long and three inches wide. Having succeeded in teaching the animal so far Sir John has been lately trying experiments in order, if possible, to teach it to distinguish color, but this has hitherto, he says, proved a failure. One circumstance, however, militates against the success of the education movement—Sir John's recent marriage to a young and beautiful woman. Before that event Van used to sleep in his master's room and many opportunities for giving lessons were found. Now Van is banished to his own mat and has grown sulky. At all events, the color experiment has failed.

Wanted to Live Until Christmas.

New York Journal.

On a cot in the hospital at the Five Points House of Industry, a little Italian girl lies in the last stages of consumption. She is about 12 years old, and some two weeks ago was brought there by her parents, who are too poor to properly care for her in her last days. Last Sunday one of the officers asked her what song she would like to have the children sing to her, and she answered:

"'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'"

In talking about her sickness she realized she could not recover, and said:

"I want to go home, but I would like to live till Christmas, so I can have my doll."

This had been promised her by a kind-hearted lady who frequently visits the institution, but, realizing how fast the child was failing, she brought it to her last Sunday. The little sufferer's eyes brightened as she took the doll and tried to hold it up, but she was too weak to do so, the effort bringing out the deep consumptive cough, and her emaciated hands and arms could only clasp the dolly to her bosom. The lady sat by her side and visitors stood around the bed with pitying glances, but the little girl did not appear to notice them. Her Christmas here had already come, and she looked contented, as if now ready to go home to pass Christmas above.

The Cells in the Human Brain.

According to the novel computation of a German histologist, who has been calculating the aggregate cell forces of the human brain, the cerebral mass is composed of at least 300,000,000 of nerve cells, each an independent body, organism, and microscopic brain, so far as concerns its vital relations, but subordinated to a higher purpose in relation to the function of the organ; each living a separate life of individuality, though socially subject to a higher law of function. The life-time of a nerve-cell he estimates to be about 60 days, so that 5,000,000 die every day, about 200,000 every hour, and nearly 3,500 every minute, to be succeeded by an equal number of their progeny; while once in every 60 days a man has a totally new brain.

The Growth of Paris.

The fortifications of Paris are threatened, not by an enemy this time, but by the Parisians themselves. The city is outgrowing its own zone, and the fortifications are in the way. The room they occupy is required for building purposes. According to a French architect—an authority on these questions—Paris requires 100,000 additional rooms to lodge the 70,000 families of workingmen who can not at present find suitable accommodation, and he has had conversation with one of the ministers, who informed him that the Government was disposed to take up the question of the demolition of the fortifications as soon as certain pressing matters were settled. It would be a popular move, if only for the large amount of employment it would provide.

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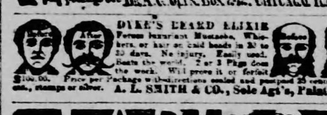
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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | D. R. LOCKE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 1.

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THE New York senatorship is one of the burning political questions of the time. Its interest goes beyond the boundaries of the Empire state, because the selection will have a great bearing upon the political situation in the country at large. Judge NOAH DAVIS, in speaking of the matter, sets the national aspect of the question clearly before the people in the following words:

What we ought now, under our defeat, to do is to put into the senate the ablest champion of Republican principles we can find in the state. The senate is to be the forum in which the great questions of national policy that were at stake, though largely evaded by our opponents, in the late canvass are to be vindicated and maintained. The protection of American industry, the national banking system, the currency, the general financial policy of the country, the relations between our own and other republics and governments of this continent, and, above all, the intricate and delicate questions growing out of the "solid South," and the practical denial to millions of our fellow-citizens of the personal and political rights guaranteed to them by the constitution, upon which denial the solid South now exists, to the injury of every citizen of the North, by the gross inequality of representation it produces, are subjects that must be debated on the floor of the senate.

REP. FORAN, of Cleveland, tells a *Herald* reporter that he received an application for office from one of his (Democratic) constituents, urging his claim on the ground that he has "voted the straight Democratic ticket for twenty years without a break," and then saying, "should you still desire further evidence as to my Democracy, I will ask you to consult United States Senator MORGAN, of Alabama. He will inform you *that I served four years in the Confederate army.*" That man had the honesty to put down in black and white his real claim to recognition. Mr. FORAN affects to feel indignant; but suppose the application had been made to a Southern Congressman—would not this man's service in the rebel army be the highest and best recommendation to office? The rebel states have captured the government, and the men who wore the gray will receive their reward.

PLYMOUTH church is by the ears on account of the course taken by Mr. BEECHER in the recent election. A good many of the members who are disgruntled say it is not that he voted for CLEVELAND, but because of his coarse speeches made during the campaign. The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* says that the first of January, which is pew renting time, will show whether Plymouth church is BEECHER'S church or GOD'S church, whether people go there to worship GOD or HENRY WARD BEECHER. One thing is certain. Whichever way that comes out, Mr. BEECHER has not been in such bad odor with the general public since the days of the scandal.

WE especially ask those who really want to destroy the Rum business to see that the BLADE has a circulation in their respective neighborhoods. There is no paper in the country that has done so much to [illegible] public conscience on this question, and no agency can do [illegible] BLADE is circulated at your [illegible]

[illegible], of Iowa, is re-

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE last issue of *Bradstreet's* places the number of manufacturing operatives out of employment at 316,000. This embraces all persons out of work either through the suspension of business, reduction of force, or strikes. Farm hands and mechanics of various kinds are not embraced in the aggregate given by *Bradstreet's*. Much of the trouble is due to the timidity of capital, caused by tariff agitation. Nothing has done so much harm to the cause of labor within the past three years as the attempt to popularize free trade in the United States.

THERE were 278 failures in the United States during the last week, as compared with 305 in the preceding week and with 260, 242 and 161 respectively in the corresponding week of 1883, 1882 and 1881. About 80 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than $5,000. Canada has 33—an increase of seven over the preceding week. The estimated total number of failures for the year is 11,600, against 10,299 in 1883. The financial totals of the failures for the year foot up the largest on record, exceeding $240,000,000. This shows an increase over last year of about $65,000,000, or 12 per cent. The number of bankers and banks included in the list of failures for 1884 is 121, against 45 last year, the national banks numbering 11 against 8, state banks 22 against 5, savings banks 11 against 2, and private banks 77 against 30. In the mercantile failures the percentage of assets to liabilities is the largest since 1879, amounting to 54 per cent, in 1883. This probably means simply that the banks have been less indulgent to needy or distressed firms than in any previous year of that period.

THE Nicaraguan treaty is somewhat in the line of Mr. BLAINE'S foreign policy, but far behind it in effectiveness. If Mr. BLAINE'S ideas had been carried out we should have had by this time a well organized system for this continent, under the leadership of the United States. There would have been a recognized mode of continental co-operation in the settlement of such questions as were of more than national interest. The construction of a canal or canals across Central America—by whomsoever undertaken—would have been effected under a continental guarantee for their neutrality. The nations of Europe would have had their notice that this continent was no longer a number of isolated republics, but a group of states which had come to an understanding with each other, and which meant to take charge of all continental interests.

JUDGE ZANE, of the Utah Federal court, has just made a decision that will deal a hard blow at polygamy. It is, in effect, that a polygamous wife has no property rights. It outlaws both the woman and her children, so far as all questions of widow's property or children's inheritance are concerned.

THERE has been a marked decrease this week in the receipts of wheat at the Minneapolis mills, due to the fact that farmers have stopped selling. All who can hold their grain for the inevitable rise are doing so. The Millers' association advanced the price two cents on Monday of this week, but it has had no perceptible effect to increase the supply marketed.

THE ocean cable monopoly has been at last broken by the opening of the BENNETT-MACKAY line. The old companies have just reduced their rates to those established by the new cable—40 cents per word for general business messages to Great Britain and France, twenty cents for plain press messages transmitted in regular order, and ten cents for "deferred" press business.

ENGLAND is not at all comfortable over the present threatening condition of affairs in different parts of the world. BISMARCK pays no attention to her proposals concerning Egypt, and the other Powers except Italy seem in league with the German. There is even news of hostile intrigue in Cairo by German agents. Russia is advancing toward India, which is left in a most unhappy state by the departure of the Marquis of Ripon. The Australian colonies are angry that Germany has been allowed to gain a footing in New Guinea, and feel that the mother country has not done her duty by them. The German flag has been hoisted over New Guinea, New Britain and New Ireland, which has been coveted by them. In fact, English power seems to be waning in many different quarters.

THERE is much excitement in Australia over the annexation by Germany of parts of New Guinea, and the whole of several smaller islands lying to the north of Australia. The people see in this act of seizure a design to obtain a base of operations by Germany in case of any war in which they might be involved. There is also a fear that Germany intends to establish a penal colony at the very door of Australia; and the colonists will not tamely submit to such a proceeding.

THE earthquake in Spain last week proves to have been much more severe than has hitherto been made known. The shock was very severe, partly destroying several places, and causing considerable loss of life. The severest disturbance was felt in Malaga and Granada.

ITALY is inclined to receive the financial proposals of Great Britain for Egypt favorably, but it is the only continental power which is. France says nothing, while Germany, Russia and Austria are openly unfriendly. It does not look as if matters would be settled speedily.

THE Suez Canal cost $100,000,000 and it is now paying dividends on $400,000,000, or four times its par value. A canal across the American isthmus would produce great revenues if not quite so large, and it would be well to move quickly in the Nicaragua matter.

THE mortality in the French army in Asia is said to be rapidly increasing. Continued inaction has worried Admiral COURBET into an illness.

THE Czar of Russia has banished from the country all the known agents of the London Religious Tract society. Religious toleration there is as great a stranger as political.

[illegible] distribution bill gives the Brit[illegible] 650 members, in[illegible]

[illegible]

IS DRUNKARD MAKING A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS?

The Liquor interest claims that the business of drunkard making shall be considered the same as other occupations. It insists, that its business is legitimate, the same as selling dry goods, groceries, hardware or boots and shoes, and that it is entitled to immunity from legal interference the same as any other business.

Dealing in liquor is not a legitimate business at all. Every drop of liquor sold and drank inflicts a permanent injury upon the man who sells it, the man who drinks it, and the community at large. Liquor makes criminals, paupers, insane people, and imbeciles. It destroys the present generation and those to come. No man can drink the stuff without fixing upon himself an appetite that is irresistible, and which he cannot control. The unfortunate who finds himself in the grasp of this appetite is no longer master of himself, and his future is a war upon his family and society. He is to all intents and purposes an irresponsible maniac, who is always a burden and a curse to society.

The men who are responsible for the drunkards are the men who have a money interest in making drunkards. It was somewhat different thirty years ago, but to-day drunkard making is a regular, systematized business. The enormous and certain profits upon beer and whiskey led to the establishment of enormous breweries and a perfect system of conducting them. They must have business to make profit, and they go about getting it as systematically as a merchant sells other goods. Men do not now start beer shops with their own money. The brewers of Cincinnati, Toledo, Milwaukee, and Rochester, the great brewing points in the country, use their millions, first in making beer, and second in establishing places in which to sell it. The Brewers rent the premises, they supply the fixtures, they furnish the stock and find the man to run the concern, the stipulation being that an agreed number of kegs of his swash are to be sold each day. The poor degraded tool who runs the shop cannot sit down and wait for customers to come in. He goes out to find them, and he does find them, for his continuance in business depends upon it. He makes it a business to entice men into his place, and he does not stop with men. The money of a boy is just as good to him, and he makes boys his especial prey, because they are more easily captured than men. In every city of any size there are hundreds upon hundreds of these dens that cater especially to boys, teaching them not only the beer habit, but showing them the way to the pawnbrokers, where goods stolen from fathers and mothers may be converted into money to pay their bills. This debauching of boys is just as much a part of the business as selling beer to workingmen. It is all a part of the horrible trade.

The claim that the law shall not take cognizance of this wholesale debauching of the youth of the country is too absurd to be worth notice. The safety of every family in the land is at stake. There is not a home, in city or country, that is not threatened. There is not a child in its mother's arms to-day that has not this pitfall before it.

The curse has been forced by the Brewers everywhere. There is not a corner in the country that the Brewers have not invaded, not a place where they have not set their traps and baited them. They deliberately set about making the fair-haired boy of to-day the blear-eyed ruffian of two years hence. It is their business to convert the Sunday-school scholar of to-day into the ruffianly hoodlum of five years hence, and, later, the hoodlum into the jail-bird. It is their business to debauch humanity, and they do not wait for material to work upon to come to them, but they go out and seek it. The business has progressed from a mere passive nuisance to a bold and aggressive evil.

There is not a father or mother in the land who has not a right to demand the extirpation of this monster evil that threatens the very existence of their homes. They have a right to say whether a "business" shall exist, the chief profit in which is the ruin of husbands and fathers, and the debauching of children. The power of law does not commence with the commission of crime; it goes back of that. It has power to dry up the sources of crime. Communities have the right not only to punish the criminal but the right to prevent criminality.

It is upon this right that Prohibitionists base their action. Communities have the right to protect themselves against the Rum-seller the same as they have against mad-dogs. Nobody waits till a mad-dog has bitten a person; everybody knows that the mad-dog will bite, and the point is to kill him before he bites. Everybody knows that the establishment of one beer-shop is more dangerous to a community than a score of mad-dogs, and Prohibitionists intend to kill them out before they do the damage they are certain to do.

The Beer shops must be suppressed. There is one way only to do it, and that way is the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of the stuff in any form. This will be done, and to do it only requires unity of action among men and women of all shades of opinion who are in earnest in their desire to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

Many thousand people will renew their subscriptions to the BLADE this month. Every one should take advantage of our great book offer on page 8th; and secure one or more books with their renewal. Each book is new and valuable, and we have made prices about half what would be asked for the same at any book store. All these books are our own publications, and cannot be had elsewhere. Be sure to select one or more and order in connection with your renewal.

THE New York *Mail and Express* editorially summarizes the BLADE'S plan for crushing out the Rum Power as follows: "Our able and experienced contemporary, the Toledo BLADE, tells just how the liquor traffic may be suppressed. It must be done by organization; by keeping it separate from other issues; by striking first at legislatures before attempting to introduce prohibition in National contests."

A. R. [illegible]LSON, the inventor of the [illegible]

THE BLADE AND PROHIBITION.

There are a score or more of professional reform papers and some thousands of private individuals who are barking at the heels of the BLADE. We are accused of being a "slave to party," of advocating Prohibition up to the time of the Presidential canvass and then deserting it, and a thousand other things.

Once for all, the BLADE is a Republican paper, and always will be so long as the dominant parties of the country stand as they have for the last quarter of a century and at the present time. The party that abolished slavery, that fought a glorious war for the perpetuation of free institutions and that wound up the great struggle by emancipating 4,000,000 of slaves and making free citizens of them, the party that gave us the only respectable currency the country ever had, and that has sustained the credit of the country in all emergencies, the BLADE will always support.

Nevertheless the BLADE believes in Prohibition and always will. It will fight for Prohibition till there is not a beer shop or gin mill in the country, but it will not mix Prohibition with politics, until some good is likely to result therefrom. In the Presidential year it could see no reason for supporting ST. JOHN and thereby defeating BLAINE, especially as the election of ST. JOHN could not have helped the cause of Prohibition a particle. Inasmuch as Prohibition could not have been effected in any way by the result of the Presidential election it saw no reason why either a Republican or Democrat should abandon his party affiliations on this account.

Others thought differently and voted as they thought, which they had a right to do. We regret their action because we believe it was not for the best interests of the country. But they did it, and there was an end, or should be.

But what we wanted to say is we do object to this howling at the heels of the BLADE by the Professional Reform papers. These papers were started as temperance papers, and they took no risk in advocating prohibition. The BLADE did. When the BLADE determined to assail the rum power, it run a very serious risk and it felt it severely. The 800 beer-shops in the city of Toledo and the innumerable others depending upon the Brewers of the city immediately boycotted the DAILY BLADE, and the word was passed along the line from Maine to Texas to see that its weekly circulation be destroyed wherever possible. The BLADE paid the penalty, and it was a very heavy one, for doing what it believed to be the right thing. The circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE was cut down 31,000 in one month after it took the stand against Rum, its loss being more than the entire circulation of a dozen of those who are barking at it, combined. We had a constituency to convert, for our patrons were not made for us by other agencies. The BLADE had its work to do in the education up to prohibition of those who were either opposed to it, or who had never given the matter a minute's thought.

This work it has done. It has spent more money in the circulation of prohibition literature than any dozen of its detractors. It has encountered the fiercest opposition that any paper ever had and it has survived it. It is doing its work not for profit, for profit lays more in favoring a profitable vice than in opposing it. It is where it is because it believes in the principle of Prohibition. It will advocate it just as it will any other scheme for the betterment of humanity, and it will do it regardless of consequences, whether it makes or loses. It depends upon no clique or faction for its daily bread, nor will it swerve one inch from the line of its convictions for profit.

If the people of the United States want such a paper, they can have it. If they do not they are at perfect liberty to put their dollars elsewhere. The BLADE is a Republican paper that believes in prohibition, and will do all in its power to bring about what it believes to be the greatest reform of the age.

We have our ideas as to what should be done now, and our plan can interfere with no other plan. What we are trying to do now, must be done, even though other plans have to be adopted hereafter. To carry out any plan for Prohibition, the organization of men of all shades of political opinion is the first thing to be done, and that the BLADE conceives to be its especial mission.

The thousands of Prohibitionists who did uphold the third party movement and who are abusing the BLADE for not doing it, will take this as an answer to their letters. It is what we should say to each individually.

IN the discussion now going on as to the power of Congress over the railroads, it must not be overlooked that the 100,000 miles (nearly) of iron tracks run over property, the major portion of which was private property, given up under governmental compulsion, on the plea of the public good. The corporations have had the governmental right of eminent domain exercised in their favor; many of them have been richly endowed by grants of the public land, to further their construction. A railroad is thus greatly of the nature of a governmental trust, placed in the hands of a private corporation, but to be run for the public benefit as well as for the profit of its shareholders. The idea that a railroad is a purely private corporation has about disappeared from the minds of legislators. The proper subjection of the roads to governmental control is one of the great questions that has come prominently before the country for settlement. There are no precedents, for railway systems are new things from a legal point of view. Congress is now called on to set a precedent. Its action must define the limits of governmental jurisdiction over the railroads, and the courts must decide whether the bounds it may set are beyond the limitations of the constitution on the jurisdiction of Congress over the states and the people.

ABOUT 190 of the 326 members of the present House of Representatives have been elected to the next House. Of the 135 new members who will take their seats next year, over 100—or about one-third of the entire House—will be without Congressional experience.

PHILADELPHIA is becoming aroused [illegible] subject of industrial education [illegible] The superintendent

FROM NEAL DOW, THE FATHER OF PROHIBITION.

His Approval of the Blade's Plan.

The following letter from NEAL DOW, the father of Prohibition, the man who has given 30 years of his life to drive Rum out of Maine, and who did it, precisely as the BLADE would do it in all the states, is worth reading:

PORTLAND, Dec. 16, 1884.

D. R. Locke, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—It is the undoubted right of the people to put into the Constitution of their State, if they wish to do so—a provision by which the manufacture and sale and keeping for sale of alcoholic liquors shall be forever forbidden. Any person who objects to that, and any party which opposes it, can do so only by denying the right of the people to self-government—the right of society to provide for its own welfare and happiness. I entirely approve of your proposal to obtain if possible the pledge of all friends of temperance, that they will vote for no man who is opposed to submitting a prohibitory constitutional amendment to a popular vote, untrammeled by any entangling alliance with any other proposition.

Some of our friends are endeavoring to obtain pledges to vote for no one who is not a total abstainer. I have never seen my way to carry that matter to the ballot-box. In Maine some of our earnest and influential friends of the Maine law are not total abstainers. Very respectfully,

NEAL DOW.

NEAL DOW approves of the BLADE'S plan, and he should, for, after all, it is his plan. It is what he labored for in Maine for thirty years. The approval of NEAL DOW is worth having.

DIVERSIFY YOUR INDUSTRIES.

The agricultural population of the West is ground down by exorbitant freight rates on the railroads. It costs from one-fourth to one-half the retail price of their wheat and corn to get them to Chicago and a market. The result is that the farmers are poor. Their crops this season have not paid expenses. Naturally there is a cry for relief. This takes the form of a demand that the railroads shall be compelled by law to reduce their transportation rates; and as the lines cross more than one state to reach a market, the question comes within the purview of Congress, which has the authority, under the constitution, to regulate commerce among the states.

The subject should receive prompt attention from the law-makers, but it is not probable that any measure affordiug adequate relief will be passed at this session. The Democratic members are too busy in dividing the spoils to give heed to the cry of the oppressed agricultural population. But there is a remedy for the present deplorable state of things, which is in the hands of the people of the West themselves; and though it will take time for it to do its perfect work, yet is a step which should be taken promptly.

The West should diversify its industries. In those new states, agriculture, in its various branches, is the chief occupation, and in many localities the only one. There can be no permanent prosperity where the products of the year's labor must go to Europe to compete with the farmers there for a market, and where the nearest shipping points, Chicago or Duluth, are from 1,000 to 1,800 miles distant. Make a home market for your products. Every town should have some manufacturing industry. The wheat of the West should be ground at home mills, the corn should be fed to cattle and hogs on the farm where it is produced. The pork should be packed in the towns nearest home, and not sent a thousand or two miles to be fitted for consumption. A population depending upon these industries, especially upon manufactures, should grow up in every town. The farmers' wool should be manufactured in mills near home. The farmers themselves would then have a home demand, not only for their staples, but for fruit and vegetables, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, and other articles of the same general nature. Only the surplus need be shipped.

This is the course that the West must take to relieve herself of the situation under which her people now lie prostrate. Every product of her soil should be brought as near the perfected state as possible before it is sent to seek a market; what she needs from other sections should be brought to her in the crude form to be manufactured to supply her people. She need not then be at the mercy of the railroad corporations. She must create varied industries, and multiply the interests in which her people are concerned. She must approach, as near as possible, to a condition of complete independence of all other sections. It is a slow process, to be sure; but once accomplished, every community will have both producers and consumers, and would grow richer far more rapidly than is the case at present.

SEND US NAMES.

Send us the names of your friends to whom we may send specimen copies. No matter where they are—East, West, North or South, send them in. The BLADE is the only paper that can claim a purely National circulation. It goes to every State and Territory in the Union, and to almost every Postoffice. It is as popular in Maine as it is in Texas, and is read with as much avidity in New York as in Washington Territory. We want all the names we can get.

THE Cleveland *Iron Trade Review* published a number of letters on the condition of the iron trade and machine manufacture from firms engaged therein, in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Connecticut and other states. A synopsis of this important report says that eleven firms report their business for 1884 better than for 1883; 24 firms report it about the same; five firms had a fine trade the first half of the year, and a dull trade for the second half, and fourteen report business worse than in 1883. Thirty-six have run continuously during the year, nine over time, and eleven nearly full. Twelve say they have received about the same prices as in 1883, and the remainder report lower prices, ranging from five to thirty per cent. below those of 1883. As to the outlook for 1885, but ten think the prospect bad; fourteen are undecided, but hopeful for the best, and 31 think the business situation is promising, some believing the upturn has already begun, and none putting it further off than April.

SINCE August last, there has been a reduction of $19,000,000 in the amount of legal tender notes in the treasury. The increasing scarcity of these notes in business circles has caused inquiries to be addressed to Sec. MCCULLOCH regarding the cause. He is of the opinion that they are being hoarded by those who believe them to be redeemable in gold, and therefore more valuable than silver certificates or other [illegible]ns of currency. There has b[illegible] MCCUL-

TO THE FRIENDS OF PROGRE[illegible]

Every man who believes that the circulation of good, clean, sound literature is to the advantage of mankind, every man who believes in attacking the errors of the past to the betterment of humanity, every man who loves the right and hates the wrong, is asked to aid in extending the circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE. It is one of the very few secular papers which has dared to grapple the great wrongs of the age, without regard to consequences. We ask the progressive men and women of America to give us a helping hand this winter, and see that the BLADE has as wide a circulation as possible. It is valuable in all its features, it is the best family paper published, and who so sends it an additional subscriber does the world a service.

Renew your subscription and send in one or more names with your own.

THE FUTURE OF THE NEGRO RACE.

The political situation in the South is precisely this: the whites (Democrats) hate and distrust the negro race. They deny him the voice in the government to which it is entitled, on the pretext of ignorance. A Democratic friend in Mississippi, in a recent letter of expostulation to the BLADE on this matter, says, "the colored men are ignorant and degraded, lazy and shiftless, and will steal rather than work. The females do not know the meaning of chastity, and even the young girls are, as a rule, immoral. You certainly would join the whites in preventing negro rule, if you lived here and knew what we know about the degradation of the race." But right here is the error of the Southern Democrats. They do nothing to educate and elevate these people. The day is coming, and swiftly, when at least six Southern states will have so great a majority of colored votes that power will of necessity pass into the hands of the negro population. The race must be prepared for its duties. The national government must aid in this work, which is too great for the states individually to assume. The rising generation of colored boys and girls must be thoroughly educated, instructed in their duties, and taught that the rights guaranteed them by the constitutional amendments carry with them grave responsibilities and duties.

The better class among the colored race are alive to the pressing needs of the hour. There must be avenues opened beyond of that of daily toil in the cotton, rice and sugar fields, for the educated and intelligent negro. There must be some inducement for the ambitious boy, to make him eager to fit himself for something better than the dull round of hard labor at which his fathers toiled. To this end, a convention has been called at New Orleans for January 15, to consider this matter. We reproduce the circular below:

CALL FOR A CONFERENCE ON SCHOOLS OF TRADE.

Emancipated, turned loose poor, ignorant and houseless, continually surrounded by difficulties and embarrassments sufficient to appall and retard, by commendable effort on their part, sustained by the generous aid of philanthropists friendly to education, our race in the South has made gratifying advance, mentally and morally. But with this progress of mind and morals we are confronted with the need of opportunity to qualify ourselves for those activities and industries necessary to make a people prosperous and happy. Our great want now is "cunning hands" to accompany cultured brains.

After obtaining the benefit of our public schools, our boys should be fitted for some useful and profitable means of livelihood. The restrictions engendered by trade unions, and the obstacles of race prejudice, concur to make it impossible for them to obtain trades in the workshops of the country.

Therefore we need industrial schools, where our youth can qualify in the various mechanical pursuits, and thereby ennoble themselves and add value to the state. For the establishment of these schools of trade we require united effort and should make earnest appeal to the philanthropy of the nation. In view of this vital necessity the undersigned do hereby call a conference, without distinction, of delegates appointed by mass meetings in cities and counties. Presiding officers of colleges, principals of schools, bishops and leading ministers, editors and publishers friendly to the movement are also invited, to meet at New Orleans, La., January 15, 1885, for expression on this subject.

Signed by M. W. Gibbs, Little Rock, Ark.; Hon. J. C. Napier, Nashville, Tenn.; H. C. Smith, Cleveland, O.; Peter H. Clark, Cincinnati, O.; Hon. B. K. Bruce, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Henry Demas, New Orleans, La.; W. H. Russell, Indianapolis, Ind.; F. L. Barnett, Chicago, Ill.; E. N. Overall, Omaha, Neb.; Hon. Fred Douglass, Washington, D. C., and many other prominent colored men of all parts of the country.

TWO TREATIES.

The new Spanish treaty is opposed by so many American interests to which it is inimical that it will most probably be defeated. In fact it sacrifices America to the Spanish West Indies. We give everything and receive practically nothing in return. The Louisiana sugar planters oppose it, because it is a crushing blow to their industry. The tobacco growers oppose it because it puts unpaid slave labor in competition with paid American labor. The cigar makers oppose it, because it would injure them seriously. The iron mine operators oppose competition with the new Cuban mines, also operated by slave labor. The free traders oppose it, because it does away with the treasury surplus, yet leaves the protective features of the tariff. The protectionists oppose it, because it deals a blow at the protective policy. Disliked by every one, favored by none, it will certainly fail.

On the contrary, the Nicaraguan treaty is received with favor by nearly every one. The idea of an interoceanic canal under our exclusive control is one which meets the approbation of both Republicans and Democrats, of North and South, East and West, alike. The advantages in cementing commercial relations with our sister republics in South America, especially on the Pacific side of the continent; of giving us a short route from ocean to ocean, from our eastern to our western seacoast, for our seaboard commerce and for our navy, are so obvious to all that hardly a dissenting voice is heard. The Senate would be derelict in duty did it not approve the treaty.

There is wisdom, however, in taking time to consider these treaties. The newspaper discussion of them is doing good. It is educating our people up to the great possibilities for our future, as the leading nation of our Western World.

FEARS have been entertained in Chicago of a demonstration of the Socialists more violent than the one made on Thanksgiving day when the black flag was displayed, and a guard is to be regularly kept at the armory to defend the arms and ammunition in case of trouble.

AMERICAN cheese is very popular in England, and large quantities are sold there. A long letter in the London *Times* recently from a rich dairyman [illegible] Somerset strongly advises the English people [illegible] to go near or touch American [illegible]

"W. A. Y." AGAIN.

We give place to-day to W. A. Y's rejoinder, which must close the discussion with him. We wish only to call attention to the one fallacious idea upon which his whole argument is based. It is, that a separate political party is needed for every new idea that comes up. He pleads that an adoption of the BLADE'S plan will result in the formation of a Prohibition party, from the force of circumstances, and apparently thinks that the first thing to be done is to form the party; the second thing, to fight for a prohibitory amendment.

That is exactly the way to favor the liquor traffic. The whisky bosses do not fear a prohibition movement after it organizes a party. Have we not, for example, had a Prohibition party for years and years in Ohio? The only thing the Rum Power does fear is the cutting loose of the question from politics. Party lines are strongly drawn in this land, and a majority of the voters of the country feel that there are other issues before them that are paramount to this one question. We will not discuss the right or wrong of this self-evident fact. It is a fact, and we must meet it. There is but one practical way to do it, and that is to fight on the lines that have been indicated by the BLADE. "W. A. Y." should disabuse his mind of the idea that a party is a prime necessity of the case. The war on Rum is not an abstraction; the fight for prohibition is not to be carried on as a disputation among sophomores. The people will vote against Rum if they can do so and not abjure their party fealty. But they will not leave their political affiliations to join a party which has but the one idea of prohibition for its platform.

"W. A. Y." also fails to distinguish between a party's managers and leaders, and the voting masses thereof; but we need not stop to discuss that point, nor many others, purely theoretical, which he brings up. We want the practical; we have had the theoretical for years, in the Prohibition party, and its uselessness is apparent. But we wish to use W. A. Y.'s letter as an "awful example" to all other correspondents. He has taken six times the space he needed to say all that was necessary. Don't fall into the same error. This is the last contribution of such length that we shall publish. We are getting too many. Say what you wish to say inside of two letter-pages, plainly written, or the waste basket yawns for your productions.

AS TO THE TARIFF.

The influence of that famous free trade organization of England, the Cobden club, has been so great in extending their distinctive doctrine, and has exercised such a strong influence over the people of that country, that there is talk in the East of forming a tariff club upon the same general lines, to promote an intelligent understanding of the principles of tariff protection in the United States. This is a move in the right direction. There is an appalling amount of ignorance throughout this country on the subject, and the recent campaign has excited general interest in the tariff in every section. The BLADE has received, in the last five months, literally thousands of inquiries bearing upon the topic; and though the election is over, public interest in the subject continues unabated. The question of protection is to be one of the great issues of the congressional campaign two years hence, perhaps its pivotal question; and an organization of the kind proposed will prove a powerful aid in fighting the cause of American industries and American labor against British free trade interests.

There is another work which a tariff club could do thoroughly, which, of itself, would render its organization advisable. It is, to collect all facts bearing upon any and every American industry, which go to show their growth, progress, and their varying need of protection. A tariff, let it be remembered, has a double office—protection to our industries and raising the necessary revenue to carry on the government. The chief difference in the cost of manufacture of any article, between the United States and European countries, lies in the much higher wages paid here to workingmen. A tariff does not protect until it adds enough to the cost of the imported article to equalize this difference. For the purpose of protection it need not be higher than this. To make it too high is to make it practically prohibitory; the cost of the imported article can be made so high that no one will buy it. This prevents its importation, and consequently no revenue is obtained from it. The conditions of production are constantly varying, and a tariff is continually capable of improvement. What we need is an enlightened revision of the present law—not a kind of aimless tinkering, made at the appeal of interested parties. The collection and classification of all the information attainable regarding the progress of all our industries, the effect of the present rate of duty upon each line of products, and the result to the people of the operation of the tariff, is necessary knowledge on the part of our law makers before attempting its revision. In doing this work a tariff club would be an invaluable aid. Let the friends of an enlightened protective system organize.

THE THIRD GREAT CURSE.

Many of the Southern states, it is well known, have stringent liquor laws, and are fighting the battle of Prohibition aside from politics. The success of the friends of Prohibition there is encouragement to the BLADE in its efforts to induce the adoption of a feasible, practical plan for striking the death-blow to this curse of our fair land. And the success which is attending them proves that the true plan is to fight the Rum Power as a State question, without reference to its National aspect. A national Prohibition campaign is like heavy artillery firing, the line of battle extending for miles, over hill and down dale, through forest and over plain. It is noisy, but does very little damage to the enemy. The plan proposed by the BLADE, on the other hand, can be compared to a bayonet charge directly upon one of the works of the enemy. The compact ranks of the Prohibition forces are hurled upon the foe; the work is quick, sharp and telling. The works are won, and the victors entrench themselves at once in the conquered position, ready to repel all assaults of the demoralized enemy. State after state is thus won, and finally the whole field is ours.

We have before us a letter from the ex-Governor of a Southern state, in which he commends the BLADE'S plan highly, saying, "You are on the right track. Slavery, Rebellion and the Rum Power—the two first have gone out in blood; the Rum Power, which has more or less impoverished nearly every home and family, remains, the curse of the victim. It is destroying our brightest men and boys. It is the cause of nine-tenths of all the crimes that are committed. It causes 25 per cent. of all our losses, and devours and wastes a thousand millions of dollars, which is absorbed by the liquor traffic, and which is one of the great factors in producing the hard times of 1884. Every kind of business is paralyzed but the whisky and beer traffic, in all our land. Go on with the glorious fight!"

Correspondence.

"W. A. Y." Agrees to the Principle of the Blade's Plan.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I again ask the use of your columns. From the tone of your editorial comments on my recent communication, you seem to doubt my sincerity when I give your plan my endorsement. I *do* endorse it, because

I know that the organization which labors through two campaigns to place in our state constitution a prohibition amendment, if earnestly sincere, will not distand until it has carried into practical effect the sentiment embodied therein; and

I know that the uprooting of an evil that is backed in this country by the self-interest of a half million of voters, the prejudices and habits of millions more and the system of universal bribery involved in the application of our iniquitous excise laws, is no holiday job; and

I know that an organization can not hold together long enough to accomplish this work without assuming a distinctness of character; and

I know that a distinct organization, asking for and advocating particular *legislative* measures, *is a political party;* and

I know that a distinct political party, advocating the principles which from the base of your plan, will be, whatever its *name*, a *prohibition* party.

When I traced, in my last letter, the evolution of a prohibition party from the popular adoption of your "plan," I was not speaking of the *desirable*, merely, but the *inevitable* as well. That letter was intended to be more in the nature of a prophecy than an exhortation of argument. I reason that the BLADE cannot stand between a cause and its legitimate effect and I, therefore, feel safe in predicting that it will not be able, after organizing the temperance sentiment of the state, to stand between it and the accomplishment of the purposes for which such organization was affected; even if a political death and birth are found to be necessary elements in the work. You will fight and I expect to see the day when you will be found battling as bravely for the practical as you are to-day for the sentimental adoption of the prohibition theory.

Do we not agree on this proposition: Constitutional prohibition never did, never will, practically prohibit? We both know that a constitutional amendment, *alone*, amounts to nothing. We both know that the legislature of Ohio to-day has, except as to license, full control over the question, and possesses just the same power to "prohibit" that it has to "regulate" the traffic; that a prohibitory amendment will, indeed, operate as a *restriction* of its power by limiting its control to *prohibition alone;* that the only benefit that can possibly accrue from the agitation of the "amendment" question and the adoption of the amendment itself, is the overthrow of the "make-shifts" of "regulation" and the imitation of the temperance question, politically, to the one issue of prohibition. This is an absolute necessity, and we all endorse it; but,

It is apparent that the organization that aims at something practical in this line must look beyond the constitution, to the laws made under it and to the judicious and executive support of those laws. If these powers are favorable *throughout* to the temperance reform, prohibition can be made an accomplished fact. Otherwise, our efforts must inevitably result in failure. The absence of a single factor of governmental power, legislative, judicial or executive renders nugatory the favorable official action of all the rest.

Legislative action on the "Scott law" was lately defeated by an unfavorable court decision. Untrodden lines upon the court records of each county in the state, shows clearly that the liquor seller has nothing to fear from inimical legislation, properly and honestly constructed, if he can but "stand in" with the sheriff of his county.

Why adopt a constitutional amendment and here rest our case? Why secure legislative approval of the principle and proceed no further? Why insure a proper judicial construction of this favorable legislation, and ask no enforcement of the decrees of the courts? Each of these we must have and in addition, their practical application to the destruction of the evil.

Can this be done without making this a political question? Unless we must not consider as Republicans, Democrats or Prohibitionists, but as prohibitionists, temperance men, humanitarians.

The BLADE affirms that prohibition is not a *political* question. Strange position! If it is a *moral* question, use *moral* means for its decision. If it is a *social* problem, merely, then *social* means only should be used to ask *political* action upon it and then declare it to be *non-political* in character; but

"When men have roads or public works or anything of that kind to vote upon, party lines are not drawn because parties do not consider these questions." The construction of roads, etc., however of such magnitude as to command public attention, always are potent factors in political campaigns. Of course mere private ways or local roads or improvements are not considered beyond the bound of the district interested in them, and this, in almost every case, narrows their consideration to local limits. But great public improvements have, at times, been fruitless subjects of political discussions, even in national campaigns, as your acquaintance with American political history will doubtless verify.

But I can not, in any sense, admit the appropriateness of this comparison. The interests involved in the decision of this question are too high in character; too far-reaching in effects, and too universal in extent to bear the least relation to the narrow, ignoble questions of local material interests.

Then the BLADE, from a step below, argues that it is "non-partisan." We are shown that, by the vote of 1884, the amendment had its support from men of *both* parties; that "the line dividing the prohibitionists from the free whisky men cuts *the* party lines at right angles;" all, as will be observed by the reader, from the standpoint of a *Republican* journal; totally ignoring the existence of a third party or the possibility of such. Bear in mind, I am not discussing prohibition contemporaneous with the Republican party, much less the advisability of that party shouldering that issue. The BLADE shows that it would be suicidal for that party to do so, and I say so too; and the same is true of the Democratic party. The well-put illustration of the BLADE applies equally well to both. It is a political question; and as political questions must be considered, for and against by some party, and as neither of the leading parties is in a position to do so with safety. I argue—

The exigency calls for the disruption of the old parties, the "ignoring of existing party lines," which are just as they were established on the issues of over a quarter of a century ago, and a new division upon *the issue* of the living present. For nearly 30 years party lines have run as at present, and party prejudices have been gaining force until to-day many, perhaps a majority of the people, would as willing to vote directly against their own judgment, their own conscience, their own interests in order to maintain their political allegiance. As illustration: Many Democrats voted against the second amendment last fall, who were, in sentiment, Prohibitionists, but who feared that, should the amendment be adopted, the Republicans would get the credit for its submission.

A new party, and a new party alone, can unite and harmonize the prohibition elements of both parties and command the universal support of the temperance people of the state. This may not be possible to our present view, but prohibition, full and effective, will not be possible until it is. Of course, in Kansas, Iowa, or even Maine, the dominant party, with its overwhelming majority, can venture to represent this issue, and pledge itself to enact and *enforce* prohibition measures, but in Ohio or in the nation, so close politically as to be doubtful, neither of the old parties can afford the temporary loss of votes which always follows a positive movement of a political party.

But you say, "ignore the two old parties altogether," and you devise a term for your organization that makes it "non-partisan." You call it a "movement." Well, what assurance have you that the two old parties will "ignore" our "movement." Indeed, if we advertise our determination to give those parties complete liberty on this question, will they not naturally endeavor to make all the political capital they can out of the question with our opponents, and will we not have on our hands a contest not only with the whisky men, but both the old parties as well? Their managers would indeed be "boobies" if they did not train with the whisky men, as they would thereby gain a support without sustaining a proportionate loss with us, whose principles of "non-partyism" would prevent us from retaliating.

Let me recite a little bit of history. A Republican legislature in this state was kind enough to present to the temperance people of the state a sort of political Trojan horse—a prohibition amendment concealing an amendment prohibiting prohibition. The scheme, however, was discovered and by its discovery frustrated, and the amendment went to the people on its merits. The work was carried on in exactly the way the BLADE suggests—by individual members of all parties—and success seemed to be at hand. The two parties were left to fight their battles alone. They were given to understand that the amendment people cared nothing about the attitude of either party toward prohibition or the amendment, but considered their question as one totally separated from partisan politics.

The effect: The remainder of the fight became a scramble for the whisky vote which did consider political parties the best instruments for its purpose. Mr. Hoadly held forth at Zoar and declared his uncompromising hostility to all prohibitory legislation—even going so far as to say that he wanted the support of no vote favorable to the adoption of the second amendment—it was "undemocratic" in principle. The Prohibitionists let Mr. Hoadly and his party alone. Did they reciprocate? Mr. Hoadly lost the amendment thousands of voters in the state. How many of the amendment men deserted *him* on account of his position? No! our good people were above retaliation—above even courageous self defense; and his trophies would not let Judge Foraker sleep. So at Ludlow Falls he repaid the Prohibitionist Republicans for their support by delivering the most damaging blow directed at the second amendment during the entire campaign. Said he in substance "I am a Republican. I stand on the 'Scott Law;' I (as your candidate) do not intend to discuss the amendments or *vote on* them." In plain English, "save the 'Scott Law,' boys, for it is our only political stock in trade." He threw the whole force of his example against expression on the amendment, and so far as effect goes, might have as well advised them, "Vote no."

I do not over-estimate the force of this expression of the Republican candidate when I say that it and the influence it set in motion lost the amendment 75,000 votes in this state. Read third paragraph Rev. Jackson's sermon, BLADE, Nov. 27, and you will see with what a power for evil this idea came to the Republican prohibitionists of the state.

We had the question out of partisan politics. It was dragged back by the parties themselves, and used for political bait to catch the votes of its enemies. And so it will always be.

An independent prohibition party would, through its candidates, receive its support from prohibitionists alone, and would, therefore, be responsible to it alone for its action. Self interest, the highest spring of human action, would impel them to the adoption and enforcement of such measures as would satisfy this element and thus insure the party's confirmation in power. To expect this, or any part of it, from any other party is to accredit the stream with rising higher than its source. Government, in this country, is but the application of popular expression; and the direct representatives of an emphasized public sentiment can alone be trusted to energetically apply it.

Another step down, and you propose that whether a partisan political question or not, it is a matter for the state alone. You say that slavery was left for state action until it sought introduction into the public domain. Will the BLADE please tell us what part of the public domain is to-day legally exempt from the Rum power? It is the most imperative duty devolved upon us by the times to carry this principle into the governments of our territories, and above all to clear our national flag of this great disturber of the nation's peace and universal enemy of good government. Our national government is giving its tacit sanction to this nefarious traffic by permitting it to go on, year in and year out, where it is within its power to eradicate it, and by the admission of state after state into the Union without proper organic expression upon this, it is giving to it its express sanction by making it a source of revenue. Yet good temperance men are insisting that it is not a National issue and with the most discreditable exhibition of selfishness looking after the interests of their *own households* by *state* prohibition enactments. Could anything except sincere, but unreasoning devotion to party inspire such a proposition?

If prohibition is a state issue, it is a national one, also. The evil is national, and national parties are but unions of state parties, where they aim at common ends. It is as preposterous to talk of independent state prohibition societies as it would be to deny the social tendencies of human nature. We incline to union for the strength it affords. It is this which makes government possible and parties a necessity.

Another step down, and we are on the broad platform,—prohibition is *not of paramount* importance. This is just where the whisky ites delight in finding the temperance man. Existing, on the platform,

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

COMMUNICATIONS written for the department will please observe the following directions:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. Do not interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XI.

Another employment somewhat in the line of that last described, and one which can be easily learned if the proper qualifications are possessed, is that of proof reading. In fact this is considered more pleasant than type-setting, but such positions are not so readily obtained, nor is the work always so certain. There may be 25 or 30 printers employed in an establishment which only calls for one proof reader. Yet a person well skilled will not be apt to remain long idle.

One thing in this labor makes it easier than composition for girls and women. They are not obliged to stand upon their feet at all. Besides this, their duties do not bring them in competition with the other laborers, nor in contact with them to any great degree. Usually they are seated in a room with but one or two others, or else secluded in some quiet corner where they can work without interruption.

To make a successful proof-reader you must have a good education, must be a first-rate speller and understand punctuation. Physically you need a fair degree of health and the best of eyesight. Upon the latter there is a constant strain which cannot be avoided. One hour you are reading a print so coarse that you can decipher the words half across the room, and the next your attention must be concentrated upon letters so small as to require the closest scrutiny to distinguish them at all. The unequal contraction and expansion of the muscles of the eye necessary for such different foci must be trying.

Another most important requisition is that you have graduated from a printer's case. No doubt some of you will be ready to exclaim at this, but nevertheless it is true. You need to know all about type and type-setting. One reason is that a good proof reader should have that same power of concentration on the work that belongs exclusively to her, as the type-setter. She must be able emphatically to mind her own business, and not interfere with the rhetoric or grammar of the copy unless a mistake is so patent as to show that it was the result of carelessness or haste on the part of the author. This may occur with grammatical construction, and it is then a part of the proof-reader's duty to call attention to it, and set it right, but when it is simply a matter of opinion, or a question of style, the author's idea must be rigidly adhered to.

Doubtless you cannot understand this. It would seem as if it would be an advantage to have a proof-reader who could see errors in both of these directions, and so it would be if it did not involve a real evil. As soon as you begin to pay such attention to the style and matter of the copy as to enable you to criticise them, just so soon you lose sight of the errors in typography, which it is a vital part of your work to notice. You are not expected to be interested in the book or article, but to labor mechanically, or as nearly so as possible. A person with a collegiate education and literary tastes will sometimes fail in this occupation when another not nearly so cultivated will succeed admirably, simply because the former will persist in going outside of her duties. Of course it is not impossible for one who is not a practical printer to make a good proof reader, but success is not so certain.

As to the length of time required to learn the duties, it is hard to say definitely, because it depends upon your aptness and whether you are a practical printer or not. From two to six months should give you skill and dexterity at the work, so that you could make good wages. Of course at first you would have to content yourself with small pay, say from $3 to $4 a week, but when you are once a proof reader you can earn from $10 to $15 a week, and those who are considered the best and capable of being trusted with reading the revised proofs, receive as high as $20.

I cannot give you any special directions as to obtaining such positions. The best way is to thoroughly qualify yourself and then apply for a place where you know proof-readers are employed. If you can prove your capability for the work you will probably succeed in winning it sooner or later.

Perhaps this is as good a place as any to give you a caution. Do not hesitate to take a place in an establishment in which there is a chance of promotion because the wages offered seem out of proportion to the work to be done. Your object is to get there, and then you must let your ability and energy push you forward. It is assured it depends largely upon yourself. Remember the old French saying, "It is the first step that costs." If you do well, your value will come to be recognized, for while it is absolutely true that anyone's place can be filled, there is always the working in, as it is called, of a stranger who is in ignorance of the routine of the establishment, which is dreaded by the employers. The latter will usually prefer to advance a faithful employe than put another in his place, however brilliant the promise of the applicant.

To return. Connected closely with proof reading is a minor employment called "copy holding." This is simply the reading aloud of the copy, and needs a clear voice and distinct enunciation, so that the one who is marking errors upon the proof may make no mistake. Such places are to be found only in large establishments, and those who occupy them are almost always young girls or young women. Their pay ranges from $6 to $8 a week.

In all of this work remember that success can only come by being in earnest about it from first to last. Do not be satisfied to do it only just well enough to get your weekly wages, but let your ambition be to reach the very highest standard. A careful endeavor to advance your employer's interests will be sure to advance your own. Do not be afraid to work a little over hours if some contingency arises that seems to make it necessary. I have been in establishments where the moment the hour struck, certain employes would drop everything, without reference to the confusion that would result from their departure. Inquiry never failed to develop the fact that they were the least valuable among the laborers, and the first to be discharged, if a reduction of the force was necessary. Of course these remarks do not apply any more to the printers and proof-readers' trades than to any other, but equally as much, and more to young women than to young men, from the fact that the former are less apt to look upon their work as a lifetime employment, and therefore their interest and ambition are less.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

TABLE SCARF. For those who do not paint or embroider, the following makes a beautiful scarf: Get a piece of felt of bronze green or old gold, pink the two sides, cut the ends in deep points, having either three or four on each end. Between the points put tassels of crimson and bright blue. Above them applique on crimson velvet scrolls and edge them with gold cord or gilt braid, or cut out circles of crimson and peacock blue, and laying them on irregularly hem them down and edge with gold cord. The effect is unique and pretty. Instead of circles, any other small figures can be cut out and applied.

SACHET BAGS.—Very pretty ones can be made as follows: Get a pretty bronzee silk handkerchief, 18 inches square with bright figures on it. Fold it through the center, and sew up the side. Draw into it two thicknesses of wadding upon which has been sprinkled a profusion of sachet powder. Close up one end with blind stitch and across one sew a broad lace border. Gather together slightly in the middle and put a handsome bow of ribbon over it. These may be fastened to chairs, on a mantel piece, or anywhere in a room, the object being to allow the perfume to escape into the atmosphere and render it fragrant.

Inexpensive Presents.—Would say to ladies that I shall have to withdraw my offer made in the BLADE about a month ago, as I am about to leave home for the winter. I would suggest to lady who wishes to make inexpensive presents: A scarf made of double faced cotton flannel and feather stitched across the ends with bright yarn. A neck-tie made of flat, black cloth coat buttons, about one inch in diameter. If you can paint paint a tiny flower on each, or put on neatly a little transfer picture. Then sew them on a very narrow ribbon or braid long enough to reach round the neck. Put them together, forming a V shape, and attach to the middle for a pendant in front.

A pretty ornament for the mantel-piece is a glass globe with flowers, or small pictures pasted with the diluted white of an egg on the inside of the glass, and then filled with salt or plaster of paris. A large lamp chimney would answer if you cannot get a globe.

For a little girl's playhouse an eggshell made into a vase is pretty. Break the ends carefully so it will stand up. Bind the top with a narrow band of colored paper. Cut a small circle and paste on the bottom. Fill it with tiny bits of evergreen and small paper flowers.

A hat band for a gentleman can be made by cutting large letters from a show bill, leaving considerable margin of paper round each one. Baste them on the ribbon and then work over the lines with embroidery silk in stem stitch—that is, across the lines in a slanting direction.—MRS. IVY GREEN, Wyalusing, Wis.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tt o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Oldtown Lace.—Cast on 15 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—k 8; 2d row—k 9—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 3d row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 12; 4th row—k 12—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 5th row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 7; 6th row—k 8—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 7th row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 14; 8th row—k 14—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 9th row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 7; 10th row—k 8—k 1 loop—p 2 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 11th row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 17; 12th row—bind off to 14 stitches on the left-hand needle—k 10—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. Commence again at 1st row. Do not forget to put the thread over twice before purling two every time. This is very pretty for flannel skirts, knit of Saxony or Australian wool or knitting silk. The use of knitting silk, No. 300, makes 2 yards and 35 inches.—H. D.

Tam O'Shanter Cap.—I think the following will meet 'Gypsy Queen's" wants. Have worked them both and find them correct.

Make a chain of six and join in ring. 1st round—10 dc in ring. 2d—increase by making 2 in each stitch. 3d—2 in every 3d stitch. 4th to 7th—2 in every 4th stitch. 8th to 12th—2 in every 12th stitch. 13th to 23d—2 in every 16th stitch. 24th to 29th—2 in every 20th stitch. 30th—without increase. 31st to 36th—decrease by omitting every 28th stitch. 37th to 47th—decrease by omitting every 16th stitch. 48th—increase by working 2 in every 6th stitch. 49th to 56th—without increase or decrease; that is, work plain. The last 7 rows should be done tighter than the rest, or it may be done in 3 c, by working more rows, say 10. All the rest of the cap is plain.

Large tuft on top by winding yarn round piece card board, 2 inches wide. Pull out card board and tie in middle and cut ends. It will take 5 oz. of zephyrs, or 1 skein Germantown to make this cap. MRS. W.

Correspondence.

THE following upon "Dress Reform," by MRS. E. A. Nearing, has been awaiting its chance for appearance some time. It has been delayed on account of its length, but by dividing it into two parts, one inserted this week and the second next, the HOUSEHOLD can have the benefit of its excellent suggestions.—ED.

DRESS REFORM.—(I.)—The very excellent article on the important subject, "what to wear," from Miss Boston's pen I have just finished reading, and so forcibly does it bring to mind my experience of wearing the short dress spoken of that I cannot resist the temptation to immediately comply with her request for someone who has tried them to write the result to the HOUSEHOLD. Without doubt many will anticipate my answer for there are but few with as strong wills as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Evenshe for the sake of peace was obliged to succumb to public opinion.

At the time of my experiment I was on a farm doing my own work and not being very strong I felt the weight and binding of my skirts so much that before the work was half half completed I was weary and obliged to drag through the remaining part aching from head to feet. This condition of things continued to increase till I could shut my eyes no longer to the fact that there must be a change as decided to try the much talked of "reform dress."

Not wishing to be entirely alone in the experiment in the neighborhood, I talked the subject over with my neighbors and two joined in ordering the cloth to suits a piece of tastefully made short dresses and Turkish trousers. Our husbands being in favor of our making the trial we had no trouble in that direction. On the arrival of the suits we all met to try them, and never shall I forget the first sensation. I felt like a whole menagerie with the circus thrown in and the way the others looked and laughed made me think I was the clown as well.

It took some time to become accustomed to so great a change and I can assure all those who have never tried such a thing they can have no idea of the ordeal. One of the ladies remarked that she could not feel more sensitive if she was in her underclothes. But the costume was all right and after going so far we decided to persevere and soon the strangeness wore away and the freedom and ease of getting around was inexpressably delightful. Many times did we reiterate the assertions that let the sneers and gibes be what they would, we would never be so foolish as to work in long dress again, but alas, for human assertions when the multitudes are against them! After a few months of continual prescription we began to show the white feather, as "Stick to it, sis" was my good husband's advice "don't you be frightened out of your easy, comfortable work dress that you get around in with so much pleasure," and with this encouragement I continued the battle, till one morning that good husband threw down the sword always used in my defence, saying: "It is too bad, but your dress, although so sensible does look so odd and conspicuous that I don't see but you will have to put on your fetters again and wear them till the world grows wiser."

So I found by experience that no matter how good the reform, it must be the fashion or in other words customary, to be successful and that the mass of the people must be educated to a certain point to sustain any radical change. We cannot go alone. Our only resource in a great degree depends on the good opinion of others. We must bring this change about gradually and when it comes it must be for dress occasions as well as for the kitchen for two reasons: First, I found I could not change from one style to the other without taking cold in cold weather. Then it is an impossibility to work in a dress that we are not willing others should see us in, and especially is this true of the farmer's wife who is quite as subject to calls and visits in the morning as in the afternoon.

But there is one thing that all can do that will which will bring greater relief than even short dresses, and that is to remove all weight of clothing from around the shoulders and have it loose enough so that the air cells of the lower part of the lungs may fully expand at every breath and also allow of the muscles of the lumbar regions to take their part, and here is a point I wish to bring to the notice of all. There can be no natural healthful breath taken with tight clothing in the form of bands and waists, for not only do they squeeze, push and pull the organs out of place, but they prevent the outward muscles of the abdomen doing their work and thus they become weakened. Let any one notice how active the muscles of the lower part of the body are when there are no obstructions, and then notice the labored effect with the obstruction of the weight of clothing attached to bands tight enough to hold the clothing. "A continued dropping wears the stone" and any one who gives this subject the least thought or study must know that health is an utter impossibility unless this change is made. Many, many, know this from sad experience. The only wonder is that we are as well as we are.—MRS. E. A. NEARING.

AN OLD FRIEND RETURNS.—You dear, delightful, old BLADE: How very particularly terrible some of your dear readers must think me! Let me tell you something first: I have just found a letter, in a book, that I wrote for a certain paper, some two years ago. I wrote it in good faith, folded and addressed it, and then must have carefully mailed it in this identical book! Now, I believe some such accident must have happened with regard to my letters for the BLADE, for I know I have written you since the last time. Now, that sounds rather lrishy, don't it? so I will hasten to add—since I appeared here.

There is a gracious, tender-hearted "Mother" in this family whom I wish to thank, and one "Claire" also, for kind words and earnest ones, with which they helped to set me straight, some time ago. At another time I will speak more fully to you dear friends, but I am ashamed that I have been so long in acknowledging your help and kindness. Christmas is almost here; at other times I have employed my pen in helping some of you think what you wanted to make and how to do it. But I believe there are plenty to advise you, probably far better than I, so I will talk of something else, now I am started. Yesterday came our *real* snow storm, and the falling flakes kept coming pretty steadily all of to-day. Oh, I have so much to say to you all, so many things to speak of, I don't know really where nor how to begin, so, I dare say, I won't say much of anything to-night, but will drop in soon again.

Who else loves dear MacDonald's writings? I think he is just one of the dearest apostles Christ has here on earth in these days. You see I believe that any one who teaches us in any way a truth from Christ is an apostle, and is ordained a preacher of His gospel. I know that is not exactly church doctrine, but I must confess there are many things in the church possibly taught by the church in which the true Christ, the gentle Savior, has no voice nor part. I fully believe that holy scripture is being written every day, and that by inspiration, too, and one of the choicest writers is the above-mentioned George MacDonald. Every poet or poetess who puts God's truth in verse, every writer who tells the truth with earnestness, is inspired, and is writing their share of the Scriptures for the present age.

Some day I will write you a choice chapter from my collection of Modern Scriptures. One precious bit I will give you now that you may have something to think about:

"Look long enough
In any peasant's face here, coarse and lined,
You'll catch Antinous somewhere in that clay;
Then persist,
And if your apprehension's competent,
You'll find some fairer angel at his back,
As much exceeding him as he the boor."

I don't know who said it. Saint Somebody, maybe; some man or woman penned that whose heart was rich with charity, and love for God and humanity, but all I know more than that is—it was written in Muncie City, Ind. Here is a sweet lesson, hidden in a rhyme, concerning the simple street doves, that are so common, we hardly give them a thought:

"Pretty doves, so blithely ranging
Up and down the streets;
Glossy throats, all bright hues changing,
Little scarlet feet!
Friendliest of feathered creatures,
In their timid guise;
Wisdom's little silent teachers,
Praying us be wise.
Fluttering at footsteps careless,
Danger swift to flee;
Lowly, trusting, faithful, fearless,—
O! that such were we!
In the world, and yet not of it,
Ready to take wing,
By this lesson could we profit,
It were everything!"

Now tell me, is not that all so? It is but another version of Christ's advice: Keep yourselves unspotted from the world. Oh, some day I am coming in, I hope, for a long talk with you.

Just now I want to ask a question, and I feel I will be answered. Amongst the many friends in the BLADE are there not some who can, and who will give us information upon the subject called spiritualism?

There is a pure and sensible spiritualism, and there is also a bogus. Someone who understands the principles of pure spiritualism, will you kindly throw light upon the matter? I am sure someone will, because the true believer is the true disciple, and the gracious command is "preach the gospel," which is make clear the good tidings.

I believe our beloved Christ's mission on earth was to establish the pure, the true spiritualism but the hands of mortality have choked and clouded and covered much that has been, and must be made clear and bright.

And now I have consumed enough space. I will tell you in one verse about the night as it looks from my windows now:

"The high-born snow commands the hills,
The snow enthralls the level lands;
The snow arrests the hastening rills,
The snow enshrouds their icy hands;
And east or west, or high and low,
Gleams but one shining gleam of snow."

RALPH DOUGLAS, Third Street, Quincy, Ill., Dec. 12, 1884.

MAKING A HOT-BED.—After many weeks of waiting to see if some one would not answer an inquiry for directions on constructing a hot-bed for the growing of plants for early home use, I thought I would give my plan, and one I have been very successful with. In the first place select a warm southern exposure, high and dry as possible, so that no top water can run through the bed after it is made. Make as long as you like—say six feet long, three feet wide, two feet high on the south side, three feet high on the back part. Set posts at each corner, front ones two feet, back ones three feet. Board on the sides and then the ends. Let the top of ends slope down to the lower side. This gives it the slant to the south. (Be careful to make it mouse and rat proof as near as you can.)

Next put on the stove a wash boiler of water to heat boiling hot. Have a good full load of fresh stable manure (be sure and have it fresh as it is often not warm enough otherwise) and fill up the hotbed until about eight inches from the top. Then take a hoe and pound it down firm, and then more manure if it packs down much so as to keep it about eight inches from the top. Have your hot water ready. Pour on the manure now. Cover up the manure with four inches of rich dirt, composed of part sand and rotten wood dirt. Have this even depth; put it down firm. Have 2¼ yards of unbleached quilt lining, muslin is thick enough. Tack it to the north edge; then have a light piece of smooth board, six feet long, one inch thick, and two inches wide. Tack the other edge to this, bring this canvass down over the hotbed, smooth, leaving the ends free.

Take a common paint brush, proceed as if painting. Have one quart of boiled linseed oil; go over the canvass with this oil once, and keep it drawn down over the hot bed over night.

Next day roll back the canvas, and see if the dirt is warm, not hot, and if hot, wait until you feel it is warm only. Make a furrow lengthwise at the back for tomatos, cosswise for cabbage, Mango peppers, or any other low growing plant you may wish, being careful not to sow the seed too thick, three inches apart for the rows, and the plants will come up in a short time. After up keep moist, but not very wet, and on fine days roll the canvas back and give the plants the sunshine, pull out all the little weeds as you go along and some of the plants, if too thick they will rot. Take more manure and bank up the north side and ends. Keep the can vas down o' nights, and when raining, and if it should be frosty still, cover over at night with a thickness or two of old carpet or boards.

Now, my kind friends, if I don't get in the waste basket, I will come again to help with the garden, and—the ever sweet flowers, too. And I should like to tell "Rose Geranium" a cure for her weak back, but I have not space, but if she will send me her address on a stamped envelope I will tell her how I got relief from the same complaint after 20 years of suffering, and I can sympathise with her truly.—MRS. L. W. S., Waynesville, DeWitt Co., Ills.

Inquiries.

Will the editor or some kind reader please tell me where I can purchase a reliable knitting machine. I wrote to the Trombly Knitting Machine Co., Boston, Mass., but their testimonials were all three and four years old. If any of your readers will kindly answer as speedily as possible it will confer a great favor upon one who is anxious for information.—BEULAH.

It is impossible for us to answer such questions as it would involve a free advertisement for the machine recommended. The BLADE columns are open to advertisers but not in this form. We are sorry not to be able to oblige our correspondent.

Does any one know of a good location where work would be certain for a good carpenter? Or I could turn my hand to farming, or clerking. My wife has a good sewing machine and could sew. Address if you do—G., Box 4, Harmon, Lee county, Ill.

Will some one please tell me of something to keep the nose from being red and swollen?—SCHOOL BOY.

Will some one please give some questions for debate, through the HOUSEHOLD?—JIM CROW.

Will some kind friend of the HOUSEHOLD give directions how to start a Kindergarten at home, one of only 25 or 30 people, and what would be the expense; if any?—INEXPERIENCE.

Is there any word or name in the Bible of over six syllables.—ELIZA WATTS, Croton, Lee county, Iowa.

Do any of the household know of a good physician who would be willing to locate in the country where one is much needed? I will write at length to such a person addressing me.—R. W. JOLIFEATHER, Kearney, Nebraska.

The lace edging sent by Mrs. H. L. B. is beautiful. Will some ingenious sister invent an insertion with a center composed of the wheel which forms the edge of "Mrs. H. L. B.'s" edging? I have learned so many useful and beautiful things from "The Household" that I shall never do without the BLADE again. I think it would be a good idea for any one sending knitting and crocheting patterns to state what number of thread should be used. In saw directions some time ago for a "knitted boy," but the sender failed to say whether it was to be knit in thread, yarn or tidy cotton. Will some one please tell me?—SUBSCRIBER, Greendale, Neb.

Can anyone in the HOUSEHOLD tell me of a good opening for a music teacher? Will some reader send directions for knitting mittens—open work on the back?—KATE.

Will Black Hills, "Blue Bell" please give her directions for rose-leaf lace and inserting, through the HOUSEHOLD, and oblige MRS. E. J. HURD, Arthur, Cass county, Dakota Ter.

Will the editor please answer the following questions: 1st. If in company with a young lady how should I introduce her to a gentleman? 2nd. How would I introduce her to a lady friend? 3rd. If married, how should I introduce my wife to a gentleman? 4th. How to a lady? Would it be proper to say "my wife" or "Mrs. A?"

1. Introduce the gentleman *to* the lady and not the lady to the gentleman. You might simply mention their names to each other, as, "Mr. A., Miss B.," the accent upon the names showing that you are introducing him to her; or you might say, "Miss B., allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. A" or "Miss B., this is my friend, Mr. A."

2. Mention their names to each other, introducing the lady best acquainted *to* the one who is a stranger, as: "Miss A, Miss B," observing the same rule about the accent upon the name as before.

3. Introduce the gentleman *to* your wife, as: "Mr. A, let me introduce you to my wife."

4. If your wife is a stranger in the place, introduce your lady friends *to* her saying either "my wife" or Mrs. N. The first is in the best taste, however. If your wife is at home in the place and the lady is not, introduce your wife to her. If both are equally well acquainted it does not matter so much though it is considered courteous to introduce your wife to the lady as: "Mrs. A, this is my wife."—ED.

I would like to ask two questions: 1. Can anyone give a cure for a felon? 2. Can I get "Fancy Work and House Decoration" now that Christmas is over?—MRS. N. P. H., Hastings, Minn.

1. The following is said to be a cure: Saturate a piece of grated wild tuanip, the size of a bean, with spirits of turpentine and apply to the affected part. In about 12 hrs. take it off and apply some smooth healing salve. There should be a hole when the turnip is taken off showing the destruction of the felon.

2. "Fancy Work and House Decoration" can be obtained as usual by sending 25 cts. to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some one writes for a waterproof varnish for linen or calico. The following is said to be excellent:

One pt. of turpentine; 1½ pts. linseed oil; 7 ozs litharge; 1 oz sugar of lead. Mix together, strain and apply with a brush, and then dry in the sun or a warm place.—ED.

If "Jennie" will procure a bottle of liquid shoe blacking and give her black straw hat a good polishing she will be pleased with the effect. It is now used by some milliners instead of hat varnish.—LIZZIE.

If the lady asking for directions for making a wisp-holder will send her address on stamped envelope to box 98 Walnut, Kansas, I will send her a pretty pattern which may be covered with any material desired and full directions, making and trimming.—SUBSCRIBER.

Noticing in your department statements about quilts containing a large number of pieces, I thought I would tell you that the makers of them have been outdone by Mrs. H. H. Slawson, of Logan, Clay county, Neb., who has just finished a quilt containing 5,013 pieces.

She is 70 years old, and has done all the work on the above quilt without glasses.—L. E. LEWIS, Edgar, Neb.

Some one asks for a cure for palpitation of the heart. Here is one I have known to be of great benefit in many cases: Yellow poplar bark cut cross ways or made into strong tea. It is very bitter.—WHIPPOORWILL.

To "Hannah" and for the benefit of dyspeptics—In 1868 I was so near gone with dyspepsia that my friends gave up all hope. But I am alive to-day and can eat anything (except Limberger cheese) that any man ought to eat. Diet: Unbolted wheat flour bread, with stewed blackberries sweetened to taste. I ate nothing else for two months.—P. S. WOMACKS, Russellville, Brown county, O.

Cure for Weak Back.—I would say to "Rose Geranium" to wear on the small of her back a muslin sack about five inches square filled with pulverized rosin. It can be worn by tying around you strings attached to each corner of the sack. I have known some of the worst cases cured in this way.—E. C. C., Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 20.

I noticed in the BLADE of Nov. 20, an inquiry for a remedy for weak back. I have been troubled for years in that way, and have found much benefit by bathing the back well, once a day, (and if much pain or irritation was felt, twice), with glycerine and camphor, equal quarts. Hope the lady will find it as beneficial as I have.—L. B. W.

To the lady that would do anything for chilblains but cut off her feet, try this: Five cents worth of red precipitate mixed with two tablespoonsful lard; stir until cool to prevent settling; never knew it to fail to cure, even when a running sore. Apply twice a day, wrapping in something, as ointment will leave stain on muslin.—MRS. L. S. COLE, Hastings, Adams county, Neb.

In reply to Mrs. J. S. Boynton, allow me to say she should use six knots of warp to the yard of rag carpet, and each five pounds bunch of warp will make about seventeen yards, and if her rags are fine, say half an inch wide she will only need one and one-fourth pounds to fill a yard.

If "Amigo" will write me, I think I can give her the information she wants.—MRS. J. W. B., Broome County, Union Center, N. Y.

Cure For Bronchitis.—Tablets of muriate of ammonia. I have known this to cure a case of long standing.

Recipes.

Cure for Inflammation.—Scrape the head of a cat-tail into a small quantity of lard and apply as a poultice. It is good.

Molasses Cake.—½ cupful sweet milk, ½ cupful of molasses, ½ cupful brown sugar, 2 cupfuls flour, 2 tablespoonfuls butter or lard, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 tablespoonful vinegar.

Shrewsbury Cookies.—¼ lb. butter, ½ lb. granulated sugar, 6 ozs. of flour, ½ teaspoon of pounded cinnamon, 1 egg. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, then add the egg and spice, then stir in very gradually the flour; roll out the paste as thin as possible, cut into cookies and bake. A tablespoonful of water will prevent the mixture from sticking to the board.—E. W.

Plain Stirred Cake—One egg, 1 cupful sugar, ½ cupful lard, 1 cupful milk, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, flour sufficient to make it stiff. Currants added are very nice; also a few carraway seeds, then omitting the currants.

French Corn Muffins.—One cupful and a half granulated corn meal, 1 cupful and a half flour, 1 egg, ½ cupful sugar, ½ cupful butter, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

White Oils—For rheumatism, outward application: 1 gill camphorated spirits of wine, 1 gill spirits of turpentine, 2 newly laid eggs, 1 gill of vinegar made. Beat eggs and vinegar together, then add to sparits in bottle and shake well till of a smooth cream.

To Heal an Obstinate Sore.—Apply raw turnip, grated or scraped, changing it as often as it becomes partially dry.

Cure for Sick Headache.—Two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in ½ a glass of water.—E. HALL.

Our Young Folks.

MAMMA'S "HELP."

BY MRS. SARAH D. HOBART.

"Yes! Bridget has gone to the city,
And papa is sick, as you see,
And mamma has no one help her
But two-years-old Lawrence and me.

"You'd like to know what I am good for,
Cept to make work and tumble things down?
I guess there aren't no little girlies
At your house at home, Doctor Brown!

"I've brushed all the crumbs from the table,
And dusted the sofa and chairs,
I've polished the hearth-stone and fender,
And swept off the area stairs.

"I've wiped all the silver and china,
And just dropped one piece on the floor,
Yes, Doctor, it broke in the middle
But I 'spect it was crackded before.

"And the steps that I save precious mamma!
You'd be s'prised, Doctor Brown, if you knew;
She says if it wasn't for Bessie
She couldn't edsist the day through!

"It's 'Bessie, bring papa some water!'
And 'Bessie dear, run to the door!'
And 'Bessie love, pick up the playthings
The baby has dropped on the floor.'

"Yes, Doctor, I'm 'siderably tired,
I've been on my feet all the day.
Good-bye! well, *perhaps I will* help you
When your old Bridget 'goes off to stay!'"

—*Good Cheer.*

For the Blade Young Folks.

WASHING DISHES.

BY RANIE KIRK.

"There's just one thing about Christmas that I can't bear to think of," said Jessie Fletcher, as she tucked the blanket snugly around Johnny—" 'cause he does kick so and catches such colds"—as she told Belle, who, though the oldest, was not half so motherly as 10-year-old Jess.

"What's that?" said Belle. "Getting up in the morning?"

"No; I don't mind that much, for papa always leaves a good fire at night, and its mostly pretty warm in here; but its the dishes. There's always big dishes and little dishes, and saucers and cups and such lots of plates, and spoons and knives and forks, and big pots and little pots and bottles and bottles, and pans and Oh my!——"

And Jessie's powers of description having failed to tell the chaos of dishes left by a Christmas dinner, she sank into silence for full two minutes.

"Don't let's talk about it," said Belle, sympathetically, "for its awful to wipe 'em, too."

"I can't think," said Dot, from the other bed, "why 'tis we do it. Christmas ought to be all fun, I think, when its so long between Christmasses; but most always mamma helps us when she can."

"When she can!" cried Jess. "But mostly she can't, and its just awful to think of, especially when there's company to dinner."

"Children," said Mrs. Fletcher, through the half-open sitting-room door, "if you don't go to sleep I'm afraid Santa Claus can not come to-night. Put off the talking until to-morrow."

And silence fell in the little bed room with its two white beds, and sleep, and dreams.

Belle dreamed of Gen. Washington and Lord Cornwallis. They had just got to that in her history, and she was apt to fight her battles over in dreams. Lord Cornwallis was a huge ear of corn and Washington's army a flock of turkeys, which flew at him and gobbled him all up but the cob.

Dot dreamed that a bran-new wax doll, with wonderful yellow hair, pulled her china doll Rosy, out of her cradle, and got in herself.

And Jessie dreamed that she was a great, awkward gray bat, like the one that flew into the room last summer; but the night outside was cold, and after buzzing her head against two or three torch pillars, and getting her eyes full of snow, she saw a great light in the distance, and flying to it, she found herself in a great old-fashioned kitchen with a broad chimney and a roaring fire, that filled the room with light. And such an odor of roasting and boiling and such a bustle and hurry of servants running here and there, with glimpses of the great crane swinging over the fire, for all the world like the one in grandpa's kitchen, and the brick oven full of great loaves of cake, such as she remembered grandma made the one happy Christmas she spent there. Oh, dear! she wished she wasn't a dreadful old bat, and that the children could see.

Stretching away from the fire-place, on each side the room was lined with boxes and parcels and packages big and little, and full of evening that she ever thought of, packed ready for delivery. Tiny sleighs with pretty reindeer were coming and going in hot haste, for it was growing late and time was flying.

Mrs. Santa Claus, and the young Clauses were busy getting up mysterious parcels.

"This turkey is for the Widow Williams," said Mrs. Claus. "I send it, roasted, for I doubt if she has coal or wood enough to make a blaze even. She lives in the alley back of the Fletcher's; you can call on your way. Be sure and bring back the pan. This chicken is for Mrs. Penroy, who lives over the Fosdick's. I send her a little salad in this dish, too; but bring home the dish. There's lots of things the neighbors might give her if they ever thought, and the poor thing needs them sadly."

"Oh, mother!" sighed one of the young Clauses, "what oceans of dirty dishes we're making. It will take all day to wash them."

"Why," said Mrs. Claus, "that's what I heard some children complaining of to-night. Half an hour's quick work would wash every one of them, but they forget to wonder about their gifts to grant over the big bottles and little bottles, when their father and mother have saved in every way, and denied themselves, to get them something uncommonly nice for Christmas. People have to sometimes eat pickles with their cake to find out how sweet the cake really is. Especially when they have had too many sweets. And one day out of a whole year would not be lost if spent in washing dishes, with you."

Just then Dot shook the dreamer's shoulder, saying, "Wake up, Jess; its broad daylight."

HURRAH FOR A BRAVE BOY.

"If Ethel's ma will let him off from the dishes, why, he'll go. If she wants him, way, he says he'll stay at home."

This was shouted in a mocking tone to a group of boys who had gathered on the street corner one Saturday morning.

It was greeted with jeers and laughter.

"Before I'd let my mother make such a girl of me!" cried one.

"My mother wouldn't do such a thing. She says a boy's place is out of doors, and not in the kitchen," said another.

"That's just what my mother thinks;" cried a third. "Why, she'd work her fingers to the bone before she'd let me touch a broom."

"Well," said a fourth boy, and one who seemed to be the leader among them, "if Ed is getting to be such a milk sop as to be satisfied with housework and baby tending, we don't want him along."

He used to be the liveliest one among us," remarked a sweet-faced boy, rubbing his fingers through his curly locks. "I wonder if we can't bring him round."

"Here he comes now," said the first speaker; "let's see what we can do with him."

As he spoke, a bright-eyed, handsome boy came around the corner wheeling a baby cart.

"Hello!" he shouted cheerfully. "I thought you'd be off by this time."

"We're waiting for you," answered the leader. "Come Ed, take the baby home. You're too good a fellow to be tossed down into a nur-se-girl. Come, get your bicycle, and come to the park."

"Come on, Ed," urged all the boys, and one added, "I want to try my new wheeler against yours."

"Don't plague a fellow, boys," laughed Ed, "of course I'd go if I could."

"Pshaw, you can go if you want to, can't you, now? Your mother will never say 'No' if you ask her."

"That's so," said Ed; "she'll let me go if I only say the word."

"Well, then, what's to hinder."

"Nothing to hinder you, that I know of." "You're hindering us; now come along, that's a good fellow."

"No, I've promised mother to wheel the baby to the park. You go on your way and I'll go on mine."

"You're a silly fellow," said the ringleader, as Ed pushed the cart through the crowd.

"You know better, Jake," said Ed, pleasantly, stopping again. "You're a pretty fair sort of a fellow; suppose I set the case fairly before you, and you decide whether I'm right or wrong."

"That's fair," shouted the boys. "Let's hear the story." They ranged themselves like so many crows on the fence; Jake took his stand on a horse block, and Ed stood between.

"You know what a monstrous family we have, boys," he began. The boys nodded. "And you know we can't afford to keep a girl. That's our misfortune, not our fault. Mother and the girls have more than they can do to keep things straight on ordinary and vinegar together, then add to sparits in bottle and shake well till of a smooth cream. occasions But, mind you, to-day we have unexpected company. The chores are my special duty, of course, but very often when they are all done mother and the girls are still pegging away, and, I tell you, boys, a fellow that will sit down and twirl his thumbs while the women folks are slaving themselves to death may think himself pretty big, but I tell you he is no man at all. I despise a boy who would rather see his mother kill herself than touch a dish-cloth. I don't care one whit how much you boys laugh at me or 'Ethel' me. I think a heap of my mother, I can tell you, and I'm mighty proud to give her a lift occasionally. If you don't like the kind of fellow I am, why, just keep your distance. Now Jake, am I right or wrong?"

Jake hesitated half a minute, and then snatching his hat from his head, shouted, "Three cheers for Ed! he's the biggest fellow among us yet!" and most of the boys joined in the shout with a hearty good-will.

"Thank you, boys," said Ed, blushing to the roots of his hair. "Don't you ever go back on me again, and I'll promise to keep even with any of you on the bicycle, for all my housework."—*Sabbath Home.*

TOO LATE.

BY A. M. TALCOTT.

Bob had one great fault, which grieved his father and mother very much. If asked to do anything he said: "In a minute," and then forgot. If he was going anywhere he was never ready at the proper time. His mother often talked to him about this; but it did little good.

At last she said, "The next time you are not ready to go with me I shall go without you." This made him careful for a long time.

His father and mother began to hope he had improved; but one day a sad thing happened. It was thanksgiving Day. Bob was going with his father and mother to spend the day with his grandmother. It was quite a long drive to her house; but it never seemed long to Bob, particularly if there was snow on the ground.

This year there had been no snow until the day before Thanksgiving. Then it snowed all day, and all night too. The next morning the snow was several inches deep. Bob begged his mother to let him go out and play a little while before getting ready to go with her. He promised to come in as soon as she called.

Bob had great fun tumbling about in the snow. When his mother called he had just begun to make a snow house. He said, "In a minute," and went on in his play. At last he remembered that his mother had called him. He threw down his shovel and ran in,

Bob found no one in the house but Sarah, the maid. His father and mother had gone without him. Poor little Bob! The tears would come in spite of himself. The time passed very slowly. He had no heart to play, but sat

"I Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our [illegible] Irregular, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me.

I used two bottles

An entirely cured, and heartly recommend Hop Bitters by every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a [illegible]

Token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop

" " Bitters. I was afflicted

With inflammatory rheumatism for

Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do me any

Good,

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well to-day as ever I was. I hope

"You may have abundant success"

"Is this great

Valuable medicine.

Anyone " wishing to know more about my cure[illegible]

Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1085 10th street, Washington, D. C.

Remember your

Power to cure remedy in existence

For Dyspepsia, Kidney —Complaint

"As a nervous debility. I have just"

Returned

"From the south in a fruitless search for health, and find that your bitters are doing me more

Good

Than anything else;

A month ago I was extremely

"Prostrated!"

And never able to walk. Now I am

Gaining strength and

"Health"

And hardly a day passes but what I am

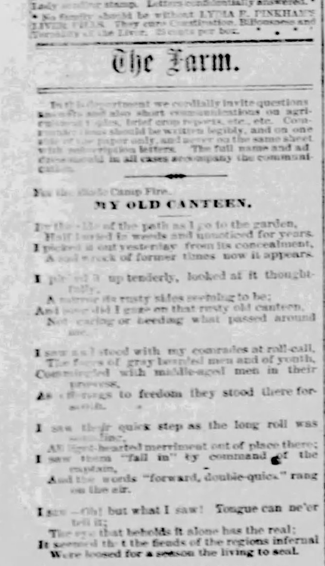
[illegible]

convinced on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop

Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,

—Wilmington, Del.

Beware None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, SLEEPLESSNESS, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS OF EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills, Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" and Nursing sent free to lady inquirers. All letters of inquiry confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

The Farm.

[illegible] we cordially invite questions [illegible] and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications must be written on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address of the writer must be given in all cases as a guaranty of the communication.

MY OLD CANTEEN.

I'm thinking of the path as I go to the garden,
Half buried in weeds and unnoticed for years,
I picked it out yesterday from its concealment,
And a mark of former times now it appears.

I picked it up tenderly, looked at it thoughtfully,
A relic of rusty sides nothing to be;
And whether did I gaze on that rusty old canteen,
Not caring or heeding what passed around me.

I saw an old stood with my comrades at roll-call,
The faces of gray bearded men and of youth,
Commingled with middle-aged men in their prime,
All offerings to freedom they stood there forsooth.

I saw their quick step as the long roll was beating,
All hearts beat merriment out of place there;
I saw them "fall in" by command of the captain,
And the words "forward, double-quick" rang on the air.

I saw—Oh! but what I saw! Tongue can ne'er tell it;
The eye that beholds it alone has the real;
It seemed to the fiends of the regions infernal
Were loosed for a season the living to seal.

I saw there a battlefield newly fought over,
The dead in rows of trenches containing the slain;
I heard the the dull thud of the mattock at midnight,
Shaking more ride-pits over the plain.

The swamps and the ditches of Dixie have left me
A part shattered wreck of what I used to be,
And "tis this old canteen, full badly I'm battered,
That serves to rejoice that America's free.

A. B. WARNER, Co. B, 12th Illinois, White River, Kan.

Strawberries.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In answer to J. B. Grove's inquiry about strawberry plants, permit me to say, first, that if I was going to set a strawberry bed I would set largely of the Crescent seedling. It being with me the hardiest, most reliable and most productive of all that I have tried. It will be necessary, though, to set some other sort with or near it, as it is deficient in pollen, and must be fertilized by some other sort. For this purpose the old Wilson and the Downing are good. I would also set a small plat of Sharpless for the large, sweet berries. It will also help to fertilize the Crescent. With these varieties rightly set and rightly cared for, an abundance of fruit may be confidently expected. But by the way, is it not surprising that so few of our farmers help themselves with this excellent fruit. Where is on about every farm a little plot of ground grown up in weeds year after year, that with a little labor and a trifling expense might be made to yield a considerable item toward the family living. Raspberries, too, are well worthy of ten times the attention they receive. The Mammoth Cluster and the Doolittle are old favorites and are good, but the Gregg and Hopkins are superceding them in most places. The Tyler is also a good early sort. The Hopkins is early—the Gregg late and very large. All these are black caps. Many think it useless to plant red raspberries and blackberries in this climate. This idea originates in type lence with tender varieties. It is now pretty well established that the Snyder blackberry and the Turner raspberry (red) will usually come through our hardiest winters and bear an abundant crop of good fruit. A very small piece of ground and a little timely care will furnish the table with plenty of excellent fruit for almost the whole season, and surely labor could not be better directed. There is no "luck" about it. Success depends on good plants to start with and proper and timely care, the same as anything else. At the proper time for setting I will cheerfully give the readers of the BLADE the benefit of my experience in setting, etc., if desired.—W. HESTER, Van Meter, Iowa.

Opening for a Cheese Factory.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Please give me space in your widely circulated paper to speak of a business interest lacking in our town. An interest which would be of mutual benefit to the town and the individual engaging in it. I speak of a cheese factory or creamery, or both. Gallatin is the county seat of Daviess county, in the northwest part of Missouri. The town has a population of about 2,500, and is surrounded by a fine agricultural country, well watered, with an abundance of timber. It is situated on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, with direct communication with Chicago, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Leavenworth and Atchison, thus making a quick and easily reached market of all of these points. We are also on a branch of the Wabash railroad, which gives us St. Louis, Council Bluffs and Omaha for a market. The man or company who could be induced to start a factory here would find it a profitable investment if he understood the business. The town is well located, exceedingly healthy, with schools and churches. The people are a law abiding, sociable, sober, industrious and law abiding, and ready at all times to welcome and assist all lawful enterprises. To one who will locate here and start a cheese factory the farmers surrounding the town would guarantee the milk from 500 cows, and more if desired.—J. A. KECK, Gallatin, Mo.

A Pig Job.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Agreeable to your request I have made inquiries as to the paragraph in the Wilmington paper in regard to the corn husking, and find it to create quite a commotion, and many of the old-time farmers went to see it done, and admit it was done fairly. McManus husked the corn and threw it in a wagon, and the farmers admit it was picked as clean and clear of husks as huskers average. The corn averaged 60 bushels to the acre.—R. H. C., Wilmington, Ill.

The following clipping in reference to the above, is from the Wilmington *Advocate*:

On Tuesday last Chas. Powers, Jr., and Cornelius McManus wagered $25 each that the latter named could not husk 115 bushels of corn in the field and throw it into a wagon in ten hours. McManus plunged into his work, and in six hours had husked 86 bushels, leaving but 29 bushels for the remaining four hours. Of course McManus won the bet, having husked 118 bushels in eight hours and fifteen minutes. Our farmer friends all agree that it was the fastest cornhusking on record to their knowledge.—*Wilmington Advocate*.

Another County Heard From.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I notice in the BLADE of December 11, an account of Mr. McManus, of Wilmington, Ill., husking 118 bushels of corn in nine hours. Now we have had something of the kind here that is ahead of Mr. M.'s feat. On Christmas day, 1885, there was a husking match for money between Ira Thompson, of Hudson township, this county, and Henry Bailey, of Courtland township, in the field of Jerome Bowersox, five miles northeast of this place. The affair was witnessed by a large number of men, among them R. W. Swan, Sheriff of this county, who had a wager on the result. Competent judges were selected, who decided as follows: Time engaged, eight hours; amount husked, Thompson, 156 bushels; Bailey, 132½ bushels; yield of corn per acre, 42 bushels. Now we consider the best husking on record, and the above statements can be proven by plenty of responsible men if necessary. If any one can beat it let them step to the front and report. —S. S. MCKAY, Leandin, Republic Co., Kan.

And Still They Come.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In your weekly of December 18, I see an item wherein a subscriber complains in regard to a man in Illinois husking 118 bushels of corn in nine hours. He says that it requires some explanation. Well, if he will try to figure again, he will find that instead of husking one bushel in 2¾ minutes, he husked one bushel in 4 34-39 minutes, that is if he husked 118 bushels in nine hours. I will further say, that R. L. Paden, of Esson, Iowa, husked from the farm of Mr. Harper, in Douglas township, 108 bushels and 50 pounds in eight hours and a quarter. This can be proven by several witnesses of undoubted integrity.—A. J. PADEN, Garnett, Kans.

Answers to Inquiries.

M. T. Hewes, New Roads, Pointe Coupee Parish, Louisiana:—Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A. C. Lance, Ligonier, Noble Co., Ind.—The BLADE has not the address of any dealer in the variety of fowls you speak of. Write to the editor of the *Poultry Keeper*, Chicago, Ill.

J. T. Chambliss, Louisville, Ill.—For the kind of work you speak of, write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In answer to "C. M." in the FARM I give as simple and reliable rules as I know, for measuring corn in the crib. Take for example a crib 6x12 ft. on the floor and 8 ft. high. We will now ascertain the number of cubic feet in the crib—which must be done in every case—thus: 12x6=72x8=576 cu. ft. Now multiply the 576 cu. ft. by the figure 4 and cut off one right hand figure, and the left hand figures give the number of bushels of corn that will shell out of the crib—husks off—thus: 576x4=230 4-10 bu. If our crib contains corn, with husk on, and we wish to deduct one-third husk at the same time, use the figure 3 instead of 4, thus: 576x3=172 8-10 bu. This rule deducts ⅓ for husk. If corn is husked, and you wish to reduce to bbls. at once, use the figure 8 and cut off two right hand figures, and the left hand figures will be the number of barrels, thus: 576x8=46 8-100 bbls., or if husk is on the corn, thus: 576x6=34 56-100 bbls. If grain is shelled or threshed, multiply by 8 and cut off one figure, thus: 576x8=460 8-10 bu.—J. R. S., Turney, Mo.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

Will some one in this department please tell how to cultivate and put away celery, from planting of seed to putting away for winter? What causes it to rot in cellar?—W. J. B., Decatur, Ill.

Please tell us through the BLADE how to plant apple, plum, grape and quince seeds so they will grow. Have tried it for several years and made a failure. Must they be planted in the fall, winter or spring?—M. B., Hart Mill, Kan.

Removing Warts.

A correspondent of the Germantown *Telegraph* says: Fresh, clean hog's lard, rubbed three or four times on any kind of warts on horses or cattle, will remove them on three or four applications. I have removed the warts time after time, and have never been able to find the wart for the fourth application. If I should send the Latin name for lard, and tell men to pay 50 cents to the druggist for two cents' worth of good lard, this remedy would be oftener used.

Tenant Houses on Farms.

At a grange meeting in Summit county, Ohio, the relative values of married and unmarried men as farm hands was discussed. It was urged on one side that the extra work put upon the house wife by boarding farm hands more than equaled any gain that might arise from having men about the house. One farmer's wife said that few farmers employ married men and erect homes for them, but one who had tried both ways and kept an accurate cash account, found that he paid about $50 a year for the privilege of adopting a hired man into his family, counting the price of board what it was worth in the market.

Huckleberry Culture.

Mr. J. D. Scott, Bridgewater, N. Y., tells the *Husbandman* that about fifteen years ago he transplanted huckleberries, of both the high and the low bush kind, from a cold, wet swamp to a dry gravelly soil, where they have grown taller than in their native spot, and produce larger and more abundant berries. He advises us to set out young plants, about a foot high, in the spring, and then watch them for a year or two, and plow in some coarse horse manure occasionally. They are slow to start, but after they are started they grow rapidly, both in bush and berry.

Summer and Winter Work.

"The summer is the busy season and is for work; the present is a more leisure time and may be so turned to account by planning next year's campaign." We are really sorry to see so good a paper as the *Farm Journal* giving what, to us, seems such poor advice. Taking six months for planning to help the brains of the other six is too much like the conduct of some of the generals during the late war—they spent nearly all the time planning. We think the farmer should have his plans so arranged that the winter is as well occupied and made as fully as profitable as the summer. We use the summer in gathering the materials and in getting the stock, and in preparing for business, and the winter we use in active work, converting the raw material into beef, mutton, milk, butter, pork and manure. Six months' work and six months' rest is by far too short a work and too long a rest spell for profit, to muscle or brains. 'Tis too much like the story of the fat and the lean kine, and the owner comes out spring poor. Not so! we should give employment to nearly as many men in winter as in summer. We should crowd the farm at all times to its full capacity.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, and in this way positively cures catarrh.

News of the Week.

FIRE RECORD.

The Orphans' Home Fire.

Mother Superior De Chantel, of the burned orphan asylum, of Brooklyn, concluded to talk a little Tuesday, and she admitted that the board of directors were wrong when they said there were only 724 children in the asylum on the afternoon of the fire. "The closest figuring gives the number of children in the place as 780," said the Mother Superior, the tears streaming down her pale, haggard face. "The number was put at 724 erroneously. It came about in this way: We are in the habit of notifying the board of Education at regular intervals of the total number of children in our institutions. Our latest report to that body gave the number as 724. That represented the number of children over school age, or 5 years, within the bounds of the asylum. There were, however, 56 other little inmates. They were under 5, and consequently we did not include them in our list. As you see, that brings up the total to 780, as I said before. We have information of 680 children found alive. I do not think the bones of children gathered from the ruins thus far make up more than 20 bodies. So you see," sobbing painfully, "that leaves 79 children missing. I hope, I feel that some of them are alive and that they will come back to me. Perhaps a large part of them have found friends and think it best to stay where they are until the new asylum is ready to receive them. In the infirmary at the time of the fire there were 30 suffering from sore eyes. I cannot tell how many escaped from the buildings. Twenty-one are known to be dead. I can tell nothing more, for I know nothing."

It is impossible to tell how many of the 79 missing children are still alive, but the police acquainted with the building think that the full horror of the fire has not yet been touched, and that when the boiler room is rid of the rubbish many bodies will be found. The fire was started by one the little inmates of the asylum too young to know what he was doing and too frightened to give the alarm until the calamity caused by his mischief was beyond human control.

A New York Theater Burned.

Harrigan & Hart's Theatre Comique, Broadway, opposite the New York hotel, was destroyed by fire on Tuesday. The theatre cost $125,000.

The books and money belonging to the actors' fund association were in the safe in their rooms, second floor, are supposed to have been totally destroyed. The safe in the treasurer's office of the theatre contained, besides the books of the establishment, $2,000 in money, and the manuscript of several of Harrigan's plays. The excitement in the Colonade Hotel for a time was intense. Waiters had gone through the building and aroused the guests; many of the latter became terrified, and ran down stairs in their night clothes. The proprietor succeeded in quieting them after a while. The interior decorations of the theater cost $30,000, and the scenery for the "Major," which was the opening play in the house, cost $5,000. Since that time the scenery of ten plays have been added, which increased the value of the stage settings to $75,000.

Besides this, the mountings of Harrigan's new play, "McAllister's Legacy," which cost $10,000, was in the house. Everything but the expensive property and wardrobe of the entire company were destroyed. The loss to Dave Braham, who had his original manuscripts of all the music which has made the names of Harrigan and Hart famous throughout the land, cannot be estimated. The property will be a total loss to the firm, as the policy ran out a short time ago, and in the press of business its renewal had been neglected. The total loss by the fire will be about $200,000.

Masonic Temple Burned.

Fire started Wednesday in the cellar of J. R. Mills & Co.'s stationery and mercantile printing establishment, on Walnut street, above Third, in the northwest corner of the Masonic Temple, Cincinnati. It extended rapidly into other portions of the temple, which is a large building, fronting on Third street and extending to the alley midway between Walnut and Race. The first portion of the temple to burn included the most valuable scenery, organ and other valuable property belonging to the Scottish rite fraternity, and known to be most complete in the west. It was largely the result of the life-long labors of Mr. Enoch T. Carson, who has devoted much time and study as well as money to making this cathedral the most complete of its kind.

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INDUSTRIAL.

Plain Statement of the Condition of Affairs at Fall River.

The New York *Herald* prints a letter from Fall River, Mass., showing the real condition of the mills of that city and the outlook for owners and operatives. It says: "The real condition of trade here is not such as to warrant anyone believing the sensational reports which appear in newspapers outside the city. Articles are frequently written solely in the interest of mill owners, and the operatives as well. Thus great injustice is done both classes. The *Herald* representative has carefully and impartially looked the field over, conversed with mill officials, business men and operatives, and reached the following conclusion in reference to the situation: forty odd mills are running, affording employment to all operatives at wages paid since the strike a year ago; no strikes are contemplated; no further reduction suggested. Operatives here are an intelligent class, and can see from market reports that print cloths are being manufactured at an actual loss of three sixteenths of a cent per yard to mill owners. With one or two exceptions, mill corporations will pay no dividend January 1, and those that do pay from the surplus of former years. These facts cause universal friendliness between operatives and owners. Mill officials assert that the worst is over. Operatives have steady work, and many own shares in the mills. Mill stocks heretofore have been a paying investment. Many investors, carried away with the large dividends in the past, everybody desired to speculate; hence the fever was contagious, and to-day finds inhabitants of the 'Spindle City' saddled with an unproductive property. It is reasonable to believe the assertions of mill officials that the worst is over. They as well as others, point to the fact that holders of stocks are unwilling to sell at the market prices. During the year there have been only a few transactions, and brokers had hard work to keep their heads above water. Weekly sales are held, but they are poorly attended. Brokers predict a rise very soon, and they seem to see a silver lining to the clouds. They know there is no local remedy for the present depression, as Fall River does not control the print cloth market, notwithstanding that at present she produces 170,000 pieces of 45 yards each week. Storekeepers have not recovered from the effects of the last strike and consequent running on short time, which took about $750,000 from circulation. They feel the early spring trade will open them weekly, semi-weekly and monthly credit, while many of them, especially house furnishers, have inaugurated an economical loan system, which does not include the extortion usual in such branches of business in many places. The most suffering among operatives comes from the manufacturing of several of Harrigan's plays. The excitement in the Colonade Hotel for a time was intense. Waiters had gone through the building and aroused the guests; many of the latter became terrified, and ran down stairs in their night clothes. The proprietor succeeded in quieting them after a while. The interior decorations of the theater cost $30,000, and the scenery for the "Major," which was the opening play in the house, cost $5,000. Since that time the scenery of ten plays have been added, which increased the value of the stage settings to $75,000.

Besides this, the mountings of Harrigan's new play, "McAllister's Legacy," which cost $10,000, was in the house. Everything lost. The expensive property and wardrobe of the entire company were destroyed. The loss to Dave Braham, who had his original manuscripts of all the music which has made the names of Harrigan and Hart famous throughout the land, cannot be estimated. The property will be a total loss to the firm, as the policy ran out a short time ago, and in the press of business its renewal had been neglected. The total loss by the fire will be about $200,000.

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NATIONAL POLITICS.

The Chicago Election Frauds.

Wm. J. Gallagher, under indictment at Chicago for alleged participation in election frauds, has been arrested for an alleged forgery committed in Philadelphia. The district attorney of Chicago objected to the removal of Gallager, and an order of the Federal court was issued directing that he remain in custody of the United States marsnal pending his trial.

LATER.—A warrant of the Federal court was served upon the detectives who had Gallagher under arrest, but they refused to deliver him, showing a warrant of the government of Illinois, issued on the requisition of the governor of Pennsylvania as papers under which they held him. This was reported to Judge Blodgett, of the Federal court, who declined to take further action. Later in the day Gallagher's attorney and his bondsmen went before Judge Williamson, of one of the state courts, and represented that Gallagher was being wrongfully held. Judge Williamson issued a writ of habeas corpus, returnable to day. The legal opinion seems to be that Gallagher is properly under arrest, and will have to go to Philadelphia. His handwriting in the alleged forged notes and his letter have been compared with that in the forged tally sheet and they are pronounced "identical."

Ohio and the Cabinet.

Within the past few days there has been considerable talk among Democrats about ex-Sen. Thurman being selected for a place in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. This revival in behalf of Mr. Thurman has doubtless been started by the report that the President-elect has made numerous inquiries about the ex-Senator of the gentlemen who have recently visited him. It seems to be generally accepted that that Mr. Bayard will be given the treasury department, as he is believed to have indicated a preference for that place, and that the state department will go to Ohio, the choice lying between Thurman and Pendleton. Among the Democratic members of the House from Ohio the preference seems to be for Thurman, but whether Mr. Cleveland will submit the question of choice to these gentlemen is very doubtful. It is pretty certain that neither Thurman nor Pendleton could be selected without creating a decided feeling of hostility in one or the other of the Democratic factions in Ohio. Among Republicans and those Democrats who desire to see an able as well as respectable Cabinet formed, the selection of either of the two gentlemen named would give satisfaction, although their opinion probably has very little to do with the matter.

Arthur a Candidate for Senator.

A New York dispatch says: At last there is an open statement that Pres. Arthur is fairly in the contest for senator. His friend, ex-Congressman John M. Davy, of Rochester, says the President is now too far in the contest to withdraw. Friends of the President-elect say he is wide awake and active, with a tendency to be aggressive. They have every confidence that the record and character of their candidate will carry him through if his campaign is properly directed, and they are holding daily conferences in this city and elsewhere to decide upon a plan of action. It is likely that the first thing to which they will address themselves will be the election of speaker and overthrow of Erwin. If they succeed in spiking the guns of Erwin they believe they can capture the fort of Morton. Here and there through the state are Republicans who feel very inimical to Arthur and would delight to see him defeated. They are chiefly disappointed office-seekers like Dick Crowley, of Lockport, who, within a day or two, said that the re-election of Arthur would be a disgrace to the state. A man who consorted with the lowest pot-house politicians while manipulating the local Republican machinery of New York city."

Frank Hurd, Cleveland and Thurman.

An Albany special says Frank Hurd has been there to consult the President-elect in regard to a cabinet position. The famous free trader held a private consultation with Gov. Cleveland lasting over an hour, and presented points in favor of Allen G. Thurman for secretary of state. The governor was favorably impressed by Mr. Hurd's frank and earnest advocacy of the Ohio patriarch of Democracy. It was their first meeting, and the governor, after hearing all he had to say on the subject, gave him no assurance in favor of the ex-Senator, but on the appointment of Thurman. It is generally conceded by the governor's most intimate friends that Sen. Garland's choices are highly favorable, if not definitely settled upon. Cleveland entertained a large number of friends Tuesday evening.

Gen. Butler's "Political Reminiscences."

A Massachusetts friend of Gen. Butler is authority for the statement that the general is about to enter the literary field as a bookmaker. He has signed a contract with a New York publishing house, by which he is to write for them two volumes of his political reminiscences, the work to appear during the coming summer. The price paid is said to be $50,000, and a small royalty on the sales. The general's reason for dipping into literature at this present time is said to be to raise ready money, of which his recent mortgages in real estate in Washington show him to be in need. If the general were to tell his real experience during the campaign, it is thought it would rival Sunset Cox's book on humor.

Electoral Returns.

All except the states of Oregon and Iowa have sent in their official returns by mail; but the states of California, Florida, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Texas and Wisconsin have not yet sent in their electoral votes by messenger.

Notes.

In reply to an inquiry from a resident of Kansas whether he could preempt land in the Indian territory, the secretary of the interior has written as follows:

"There is no land within the boundaries of the Indian territory subject to settlement. Settlers who go into the territory now simply lose their time and money."

Gen. Hazen, chief of the Signal Service bureau, is at work on the proof sheets of a book to be published in January in March, entitled, "A Personal Narrative of Battles," in which he describes many stirring events of the late war.

Christmas at the North Pole.

The *National Republican* prints extracts from the diary of Lieut. Lockwood, of the Greely Arctic exploring party, describing the manner in which the starving party spent last Christmas at Cape Sabine in the Arctic region. Lockwood kept a diary in short hand, which has been transcribed by a member of his family, and he appears to have made a full record of everything of importance which happened in the daily life of the party.

It relates how, as Christmas drew near, the officers and men joined in a talk of home and planned grand feasts for the time when they should reach the civilized world, and how they made preparations for the fast approaching Christmas, by setting apart small portions of their daily rations, and on December 21, Lockwood writes: "By great effort I was able to save one ounce of my bread and about two ounces of butter for Christmas. I shall make a vigorous effort to abstain from eating it before then." He adds that he put it in charge of Binderbeck, as an additional safeguard.

On December 23, he writes: "We look forward to to-morrow and Christmas," and "I offered to give anyone a roast turkey on reaching home for a single dog biscuit now, but found no takers." He says on the next day: "I saved nearly all my hard bread for Christmas, though I need it sorely," and that to make Christmas dinner grander, he made a tremendous effort and went without his rum in order to add to the punch. On Christmas eve he added to his savings for the next day's feast half his bread and his piece of lemon, and he wrote in his book: "To-night is Christmas eve and my thoughts are turned toward home. God preserve me to see this day next year, and enjoy it at home with those I love. To-morrow it is to be pretty much a repetition of thanksgiving. I have saved up my rum and bread. I think of my children at home, the Christmas tree to-night and the toys, etc., but my fingers are too cold to write more. I picture to myself my dear father and mother, sisters, and my niece and brother-in-law, all sitting around the table to-morrow with turkeys and mince pies strewn on the table. Many thoughts are turned towards me and where I am at this moment."

Latter-Day Beecherism.

It is announced in New York that a number of the leading pew-holders in Plymouth church will withdraw from the church, and that this action will result in cutting down the receipts more than $15,000, which is $5,000 less than the pastor's salary. Beecher threatens to leave the church. All this trouble comes from Beecher's course in the Presidential campaign. Those whom he offended by his course say he has chosen his friends, and must look to them for support. The church trouble is creating a great sensation in the city.

Sensational Story Denied.

Officials of the Taunton, Mass., insane asylum deny the story telegraphed from Chicago charging that many insane paupers have been shipped West from that and similar institutions. In one case an inmate named Walsh was sent to his uncle in Pullman, Ills., and the authorities have since received a letter from the latter thanking them for their action. No inmates have been sent away except at the request of friends, or with the knowledge that they will be well cared for.

The Surrender of Vicksburg.

A story has just been published on the authority of "an ex-Confederate major, who is well posted as to the character of the war archives in the governments possession," that money was used to secure the surrender of Vicksburg, July 4, 1863.

Col. Robert N. Scott, U. S. A., in charge of the preparation of the official history of the rebellion, and who has had every opportunity to know what papers are included in the war department archives, says positively that there is nothing whatever there that gives the least shadow of a suspicion that Gen. Pemberton was in the least particle dishonest to the cause he embraced.

"You see," said Col. Scott, "that any man who was of Northern birth, who went into the Confederate army, was the object of jealousy and suspicion by the men and officers of the whole South. Gen. Pemberton was born in Pennsylvania, of Quaker parents, but he married in Fauquier county, Va., and that took him South."

Gen. Marcus J. Wright, who was a major general in the Confederate service and who collected the Confederate records for the war department, says:

"There was always a jealousy of Pemberton among our people because we distrusted a Northern man, just as Northern people distrusted your great Admiral Farragut and Admiral Fabins Stanley and Gen. Thomas. When he surrendered Vicksburg on the 4th of July many of our people connected the date of his surrender with treachery, and that is pretty much the story of their opin

Cuba, to be conveyed by the schooner Phœnix. The collector says he notified the collectors of gulf ports, with a view of intercepting the proposed expedition. The secretary of state has been furnished a copy of the letter.

The Naval Appropriation Bill.

The *Star* says the House will take no action upon the bill making appropriations for the Naval service for the succeeding six months, which was passed in the Senate just before the holiday adjournment, and the committee will not recognize it in their consideration of the subject. The impression is that if the Senate does not recede from its position entirely the House will simply pass appropriations for the next fiscal year, and after the 4th of March an extra session will have to be called.

Gen. Grant Sick, and His Property to be Sold.

A *Republican* reporter saw several prominent gentlemen in reference to the news received from New York that all of Gen. Grant's personal property, including his swords and medals, presents received by him while he was abroad, his pictures, his two farms, and his house in Washington and St. Louis, had been inventoried and are to be sold to meet the judgment held against him by Vanderbilt. Among those interviewed were W. W. Corcoran, Gen. Beale and Gen. VanVliet, all of them old friends of Gen. Grant. Gen. Beale said he had not heard any data bout the story. He was very much shocked when he read it, and said he thought there was some mistake about it, and finally that he did not believe it. He said Gen. Grant's St. Louis farm was sold three months ago for $50,000, its estimated value being $65,000, and that his farm in Illinois is virtually sold, and will bring its full value, $20,000. He said he received a let er from Gen. Grant recently, in which the latter said he was in very poor health, and on Friday last he received one from Fred Grant, in which he said his father was confined to his room, and his condition was such as seriously to alarm his family. Gen. Beale added: "It is my belief this illness, which I could not account for, is caused by his anxiety."

Gen. VanVliet said he had no doubt it would be an easy matter to raise the money necessary to pay the judgment held against Gen. Sherman is now in Philadelphia, and he added he thought by the time Gen. Sherman reaches this city, he will have at least $50,000 to pay off this judgment, even if that sum came from the pockets of Mr. Drexel and Mr. Childs alone.

Corcoran said he would not start a subscription to relieve Gen. Grant of this judgment, but, on the contrary, preventing the sale of his personal effects. He thought it would be dishonorable in the people of the United States if an ex-president and soldier like Gen. Grant should be obliged to sacrifice the trophies of his services to his country for a few thousand dollars.

Internal Revenue.

The collections of internal revenue for the first five months of the fiscal year were as follows: Spirits, $27,975,622; tobacco, $10,846,306; fermented liquors, $8,358,489; miscellaneous sources, $141,263; total, $47,322,190, against $51,317,926 collected the same period the previous fiscal year; decrease, $3,995,736.

Closing the Navy Yards.

Owing to the failure of Congress to pass a Naval appropriation bill, Sec. Chandler is preparing an order for the closing of all navy yards and stations on and after 12 o'clock on the evening of December 31, under arrangements that will provide for a reopening and resumption of work as soon after the reassembling of Congress, on January 5, as provision is made for the maintenance of the navy. As has been the case in similar instances in the past, there will be a general suspension of workmen, with a view to their reemployment as soon as possible, and those only who are absolutely indispensable will be allowed to continue and rely upon Congress to reimburse them.

Condition of the Treasury.

The treasury excess of assets over demand liabilities exceed $137,000,000, but Sec. McCulloch has no intention of making a bond call at present, as the interest on the four-per-cents and on the Pacific railroad bonds, payable in January, will take over $9,000,000. The carrying over of $8,000,000 in pension warrants, from November last to December, is likely to prevent a very marked decrease in the public debt for the present month.

Our Merchant Marine.

In his first annual report, Jarvis Patten, commissioner of navigation, says that the American merchant marine is not keeping pace with that of Great Britain, is nevertheless second only to hers. He declares that American wooden ships are the best and safest vessels afloat, while the iron shipbuilding works of the country are beginning to turn out steamships and other iron craft of a high class. The coastwise trade is the finest in the world and the fleet of sailing ships engaged in the California wheat transportation under the United States flag is the best known. The sea-going vessels of this country, June 30, 1884, numbered 6,646, with a tonnage of 3,709,404. Of this number 422 were steamers. In conclusion, he recommends offering bounties sufficiently large to encourage the construction by private enterprise of a fleet of first-class, powerful main steamers.

Distilled Spirits.

Sec. McCulloch has obtained from the attorney general and the solicitor general opinions that on the filing of an exportation bond there is no reason why distilled spirits may not be permitted to remain in government warehouses for a reasonable period after the expiration of three years. This will affect, for perhaps nine months, the taxes on 27,000,000 gallons of whisky.

The Washington Monument.

Arrangements for the dedication of the Washington monument are progressing rapidly. The commission appointed by Congress to arrange suitable ceremonies extended a general invitation to military, masonic and civic organizations (the latter not to carry any emblems of a political character) to participate. The Masonic fraternity requests all organizations intending to take part in the procession to notify him at the earliest possible moment, in order that proper places in the column may be assigned them.

Gen. Grant.

The Washington *Star* says: "The prospect of the bill for the retirement of Gen. Grant are not good. The bill passed the Senate on the 15th of May last, and was placed on the speaker's table in the House, where it now remains buried under 127 other bills without a possible chance of its resurrection. It has not even been referred to the House Military Committee, of chairman of which, Gen. Rosecrans, is supposed to favor it. The only way it could be reached would be by taking it up by unanimous consent, and this is rendered out of the question from the fact that there is a decided opposition to it."

Gen. Beale said, in speaking of Gen. Grant's financial trouble: "I am of the opinion that Vanderbilt will not care to take advantage of the law to such an extent as to enforce the sale of Gen. Grant's personal effects. Aside from that, however, it has occurred to me that Vanderbilt may be acting for Gen. Grant's benefit. Having a preferred claim to Grant's property he may execute the law and obtain possession, and return it subsequently, simply to prevent some claimants of a like nature from scaring Gen. Grant's effects. We had better wait and see if things are in as fatal a shape as represented to be. Gen Grant is a national property, and a nation takes pride in the honors he has received."

Nothing further has been heard in this city touching Gen. Grant's financial affairs. Gen. Sherman has not yet arrived, and it is now said will not be home until after January 1.

Extensive Swindling.

Detectives are at work on a case which they suppose will reveal extensive swindling operations. An advertisement appeared in several Northern papers, which contains the names of three citizens of the district, and states they have received an appropriation which will enable them to distribute 50,000 memorandums of the Washington monument, which they will do upon the receipt of 57 cents for postage. The piece of marble to be furnished as a memento is to have a painting upon it, and be set in handsome plush frame.

Vilas and the Cabinet.

A letter received here from a prominent Wisconsin lawyer states that Vilas is fully decided not to enter Cleveland's cabinet in any event. He is desirous that the next administration should be an unblemished success, and will use every energy to that consummation, but he does not wish to give away a very large law practice and accept a cabinet position which will not be in the line of his profession. This he would be obliged to do if Gov. Cleveland were to have his services at all, for Sen. Garland is conceded to be the settled choice for the attorney generalship in obedience to the almost unanimous request of the people of the South.

Gen. Logan.

It is said here that Daniel Hogan, one of the holding over Senators in the next Illinois legislature, will neither go into the Republican caucus nor vote for Gen. Logan for a return to the Senate. It seems that years ago Hogan sought the position of Internal Revenue Assessor for the Mound City district, was opposed by Logan and defeated. He vowed vengeance, and though an intense Republican, will not vote for Logan. It is understood that it is Logan's intention to retire from politics for two years, and then seek an election to the House of Representatives.

Notes.

Pres. Arthur spent Christmas quietly. He attended divine services at St. John's Episcopal church in the morning, and dined at the Executive mansion. Only members of the family were present.

Elmer Rollins, aged 23, was fatally stabbed by James Smith, a youth of 19. Rollins, who was drunk, was annoying Smith by attempting to wrestle with him, and was told by Smith to desist. He became enraged and struck and kicked Smith, when the latter drew a pocket knife and stabbed him in the abdomen. He fell to the pavement and died in a few moments. Smith was arrested.

Belva Lockwood's tricycle was run over and ruined by a cab recently. The tricyclist-politician had left her steed in front of the White House while she went to call on Mr. Arthur

Adjt. Gen. Samuel Dalton, of Massachusetts, has written to Adjt. Gen. R. C. Drum for permission for the Ancient and Honorable artillery company of Boston to enter the District of Columbia armed and equipped as a military body for the purpose of participating in the dedicatory exercises of the Washington monument February 19 to 24, 1885.

Immediately after the holiday recess Mr. Cutcheon will call up and hopes to pass under a suspension of the rules a bill of last session creating the new lighthouse district of Lake Michigan and Green bay. It established, the headquarters of the district will probably be at Muskegon.

Among the senators there is a kind of understanding that the House bill passed last week making the agricultural department an executive department, and the commissioner of agriculture a member of the cabinet, will be allowed to sleep the sleep that knows no waking, which was its fate at previous sessions of Congress. While the Senate has made no open opposition to this measure, it has killed it every time the House has passed it.

CLEVELAND AND THE MUGWUMPS.

Correspondence Which "Explains Itself" A Clear Case of Misplaced Confidence.

The following correspondence explains itself:

NATIONAL CIVIL SERVICE REFORM LEAGUE.
NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1884.

Hon. Grover Cleveland:

SIR—We have the honor to address you on behalf of the National Civil Service Reform League, an association composed of citizens of all parties, whose sole purpose is indicated by its name, and which takes no part whatever in party controversy. The vast increase in the number of persons engaged in the civil service and the grave mischiefs and dangers arising from general proscription in a service which for half a century has followed the change of party control of National administration, have produced so profound an impression upon the public mind that the first effective steps toward reform were taken, with the co-operation of both parties, in the passage of the reform act of January 16, 1882. The abuses which that act seeks to correct, however, are so strongly intrenched in the traditions and usages of both parties that there is naturally widespread anxiety lest the party change in the national executive, effected by the late election, should throw the whole system backward, but, believing as we do that the reformed system cannot be held to be securely established until it has safely passed the ordeal of such party change, and recalling with satisfaction and confidence your public expressions favorable to reform, and your official acts as chief executive of the state of New York, we confidently commend this cause to your patriotic care in the exercise of the great power with which the American people have intrusted you.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Pres't.
WILLIAM POTTS, Secretary.

It is also signed by John Jay, Carl Schurz, and others.

President-elect Cleveland replied as follows:

Hon. George William Curtis, President, etc.:

DEAR SIR—Your communication of the 20th, addressed to me on behalf of the National Civil Service Reform league has been received. That practical reform in the civil service is demanded is abundantly established by the fact that the statute referred to in your communication to secure such result has been passed in Congress with the assent of both political parties, and by the further fact that a sentiment is generally prevalent among patriotic people calling for a fair and honest enforcement of the law which has been thus enacted. I regard myself pledged to this, because my conception of true Democratic faith and public duty requires that this and all other statutes should be in good faith and without evasion enforced, and because in many utterances made prior to my election as President, approved by the party to which I belong, and which I have no disposition to disclaim, I have in effect promised the people that this should be done. I am not unmindful of the fact to which you refer, that many of our citizens fear that the recent party change in the national executive may demonstrate that abuses which have grown up with civil service are ineradicable. I know they are deeply rooted, and that the spoils system has been supposed to be intimately related to success in the maintenance of party organization, and I am not sure that all those who profess to be friends of this reform will stand firmly among its advocates, when they find it obstructing their way to patronage and place; but fully appreciating the trust committed to my charge, no such consideration shall cause relaxation on my part of an earnest effort to enforce this law. There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of an administration that the removal therefrom of the present incumbent, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and the appointment of political friends to places those who are in political accord with the appointing power; but many new holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes, in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management. The lesson of the past should be unlearned, and such officials, as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness and devotion to public duty are conditions of their continuance in public place, and that a quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is a reasonable measure of their party service.

If I were addressing none but party friends, I should deem it entirely proper to permit them, that though the coming administration is to be Democratic, a due regard for the people's interests does not permit that a faithful party worker be always rewarded by appointment to office, and to say to them that, while Democrats may expect all proper consideration, selections for offices not embraced within the civil service rules will be based upon sufficient inquiry as to fitness, instituted by those charged with that duty, rather than upon resistent importunity, or self-solicited recommendation on behalf of candidates for appointment. Yours, very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

New Way of Bringing About a Reconciliation.

John Blades, a farmer living near Carmi, Ill., perpetrated a serious Christmas joke on his neighbors. He is about 35 years of age, and has a wife of about 50, with whom he has had difficulties, and she left him last week. John thought to cause her to repent of the step she took, and wrote a note and laid it on the mantel, telling her he had concluded his sorrow for losing her was more than he could stand, and that, wearied at his loneliness, he had determined on taking his own life. He then killed the family rooster, sprinkled the blood around the house and on the bed, and laid the bloody knife on the floor. He then took the bleeding rooster, and walking through the snow, made a crimson streak across the yard. Secreting the rooster, he left the premises soon after. His wife, returning to get her household goods, found the ghastly traces of the foul deed, with the note explaining the cause of her husband's apparent suicide. Her grief was unbounded, and she bewailed the loss of one who at the hour of his death gave probably for the first time such unmistakable testimony of his affection. She with the neighbors scoured the surrounding country for the body of the husband. Late in the evening he was found sitting comfortably by the fire at the house of a friend about one and a half miles away. A reconciliation will doubtless follow.

Illinois Prohibitionists.

The state conference of Illinois Prohibitionists listened to an address two hours in length by St John, and appointed a committee of five with instructions to prepare an address to the people of the state on a prohibition amendment. A committee was also appointed to prepare a plan of letter organization to be submitted to the executive committee of the state organization.

Lige Parker, colored, convicted Saturday of murdering Louis Fox, a planter nine miles below Little Rock, confessed that he alone committed the crime, and was sentenced to hang February 13.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

Lord Rosebery has written a number of peers with a view of taking concerted action in favor of a reform of the House of Lords.

The British steamer Raisby, Capt. Hunter, from Japanese and Chinese ports, for New York, has been wrecked at Azatia point. The passengers and part of the cargo were saved.

Members of the governing committee of the London Stock Exchange coalesced in an attempt to repress outside broking agencies, by refusing to supply tape prices except to members of the Exchange, to banks and respectable non-competitors. This step has been taken because outsiders are getting a large share of the jobbers' business.

Hundreds of workmen are still busily engaged in the work of preparing the Great Eastern for sea, but the date of her departure and the completion of the repairs are still in doubt. The question of her seaworthiness is being agitated and she will not be allowed to sail for New Orleans until a thorough inspection has been made.

A London paper prints an interview had in Paris with a dynamiter. The dynamiter said the headquarters of the conspirators was Paris, but funds came from America. The explosion of the London bridge was arranged at Paris three months ago by a man now in America. Two men were sent to London to execute the plot in September, but a delay occurred. They returned to Paris after the explosion, and are now there.

To-day is Gladstone's 75th birthday. The occasion is being celebrated with great festivity at Hawarden. Birthday greetings reach the great leader from all parts of the empire. The Prince of Wales sent cordial congratulations. Many Liberal bodies take advantage of the day to present "the grand old man" with addresses expressive of continued confidence and profound admiration. Newspapers, without distinction of party, devote leading articles to eulogy of the great statesman.

The London *Times* has a leader on the Nicaragua treaty a column and a half long, in the course of which it says: "Mr. Cleveland's character, indeed his conduct, during the late contest, leads us to hope that he will adopt a more dignified and friendly course. We readily admit that the Nicaragua canal scheme must be judged in the United States primarily on its merits, without reference to English susceptibilities or even English interests. At the same time we occupy a position of almost unassailable strength, in protesting against a policy which would constitute a delit erate violation of treaty rights. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was expressly designed to cover such a case as that contemplated in the arrangement with Nicaragua. When it was proposed to abrogate that treaty, at the will of one of the parties, it is incumbent on the dissentient nation to justify that extreme measure by a convincing argument, but the government of the United States has not thus accepted the burden of proof. Meantime the obligations, legal and moral, of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty remain unimpaired."

Egypt.

Numerous Arab families are passing through Kortie to the northwest, seeking to escape before the English advance.

Gen. Wolsey reports that the delay in the concentration of troops at Korti will retard maneuvers in the desert until the second week in February.

Canada.

Poquet, the Toronto infidel, paralyzed while denying the doctrine of eternal punishment, died Saturday.

John C. Eno, the New York fugitive, entered the billiard tournament at the Merchants' club, Strochs, Quebec, and won the gold medal, valued at $50.

Among the claimes presented by the Premier of Manitoba against the Dominion government is one of $10,000 for expenses incurred by the Manitoba government in contesting the boundary question before the Imperial Privy council.

A French brig bound to Boston with a cargo of fish, struck on the North Side, two miles from the main station of Sable Island. Four men were washed away and lost, and two others were drowned in attempting to reach the shore during the night. The sole survivor has reached Halifax.

A dispatch from Harbor Grace states that the Orange demonstration passed off quietly. A procession composed of 7,000 persons passed through the principal streets of the city unmolested. The River Head men, with a green flag, held their own citadel. Orangemen abstained from interfering. The Catholic ground of bloody memory last St. Stephen's day, was reinforced by a war ship, and a formidable police force, effectually preventing any hostile demonstration.

During last winter and spring a number of incendiary fires occurred in Georgetown and vicinity, the sufferers being chiefly officers charged with executing the provisions of the Scott temperance act, Suspicion pointed to a notorious character, Francis Sidey, belonging to Syracuse, N. Y., who confided to another party that he had done the work at the instigation of liquor dealers. Sidey, believing himself unsafe, went to the States. Government detectives got information of his return last week, succeeded in arresting him Tuesday at Lindsey, and took him to Oakville, where he was indicted. He is wanted at Cobourg and other places. Should he turn queen's evidence, as expected, there will be a sensation.

France.

The day was dull for Christmas in Paris, except among Germans. Itinerants were selling a political toy representing Bismarck and Ferry embracing.

The French Senate is unable to vote the budget before the end of December. The government Friday will ask the deputies for a credit of 800,000,000 francs to meet the expenses of the first quarter of the year 1885.

China.

The Catholic missionaries in Tonquin complain that the court at Hue, capital of Annam, has not fulfilled its promise to make reparation for the massacre of Christians, some months ago. A correspondent at Hanoi says the court is strongly hostile to the French, and advocates a clean sweep of officials at Hue.

A report has reached Paris that a French transport, with troops from Toulon, has been sunk by a Chinese cruiser between Singapore and Saigon. There is great excitement. Telegraphic inquiries have been sent in all directions, and there is much anxiety.

Marquis Tseng has warned Granville that the sale to France of seven vessels of the Castle and Monarch lines, now trading between England and the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose transporting French troops to China, is a breach of neutrality. The English government advised owners of the vessels that no evasion of the foreign enlistment act will be permitted. The semi-official denial of the purchase by the French government is not believed. M. Cadiot, brother-in-law of M. Rouvier, minister of commerce, had charge of the negotiations for the purchase of the vessels.

Spain.

EARTHQUAKES.

Many towns have suffered from earth quake. Several houses, including the telegraph station at Valez, province of Malaga are badly injured. The terrified inhabitants are encamped in the outskirts of the town during the night, and many persons were injured at Loja Motrie and Albanna.

An official was killed at Velaz and several persons killed elsewhere. At Matree one person was killed and several injured. The village of Albanuzles was nearly destroyed.

Shocks were felt at Gioraltar and severely in the southern provinces, and caused great alarm among the people; of Granada. At Malaga two persons were killed by falling walls.

Later details received at Madrid concerning the earthquake, show that the damage to property and loss of life were both much greater than at first believed. The provinces of Malaga and Granada were the scene of the severest disturbance. Several places were partially destroyed. The Mayor reports that many parts of Alburqueros are in ruins, and 150 persons are believed to have perished. At Del Rey, 40 persons were killed. Disasters are likewise reported from other towns. Slight shocks of earthquake have been felt in many places in many places in Spain since Thursday.

A Madrid dispatch says: "A fatal land slide occurred in the mountain near Periana, which destroyed many houses which stood in its path and buried 48 persons; 18 were rescued alive. It is reported that 900 persons were buried beneath the ruins of buildings of Albunuelas. Three churches at Antequera are left in a tottering condition. The inhabitants are encamped in the fields."

Official reports show that 966 persons were killed in the provinces of Malaga and Granada by the recent earthquake. The population of Granada is still encamped in squares, the richer class lodging in carriages along the streets. The facades of the cathedral were seriously damaged. Many houses were destroyed in Jimena and a whole family killed in the village of Cajar by a falling chimney. Over half the inhabitants of Albunuelas were killed. Alhama is mostly in ruins. The province of Malaga suffered equally as much damage as did Granada. Commerce is paralyzed. Two hundred houses at Alfarnetego were damaged. The panic is subsiding.

The shock was not felt in Northern and Northwest provinces. The government has granted $5,000 from the national calamity fund for the relief of sufferers in the province of Granada.

Later advices say 300 lives were lost at Alhama. Seventy-five houses and the church was destroyed and 30 persons killed at Perinna. The town hall and many houses were damaged at Torrox. The inhabitants fled panic-stricken. It is now estimated that 600 persons were killed in the province of Malaga, including the killed at Alhama.

There was an earthquake felt at Tarves Sunday night. Violent shocks at intervals of an hour were also felt in the vicinity of Vienna. The inhabitants were greatly alarmed.

Fresh details received from the districts in which the earthquake shock was severest adds new horror to the great calamity. At Nerja, a town of 5,000 people, in the province of Malaga, the earthquake was followed by a hurricane. This finished the destruction of many houses that had already been brought to the brink of ruin by the previous shock. The inhabitants fled in terror from the houses, and camped outside the town. Much suffering was caused by the scarity of provisions. The alarm in Malaga is now subsiding, and affairs will soon resume their ordinary course.

Eighty native chiefs have proclaimed Spanish sovereignty over 15,000 square kilometers of land on the Gulf of Guinea, opposite Coriski Island.

Austria.

In Vienna Christmas was unusually gloomy, owing to the bad condition of trade and damp weather.

Austria has no consuls at the Congo or Niger. German consuls, meanwhile, have been authorized to act for Austria.

Jean Lucas, manager of the Securities department of the Giro and Cassenverein bank, Vienna, died Tuesday from self-inflicted injuries. He left a letter stating he had been ruined in bourse speculations, and had embezzled 90,000 florins ($45,000.)

Russia.

Russia is about to transfer her naval headquarters in the Black sea from Nikolaiev to Sebastopool. The estimated cost of the transfer is $7,000,000.

The Criminal court of Odessa sentenced a peasant named Preegoon, member of a Bible-reading sect, to tir e years' imprisonment for preaching against image worship in the Russian church.

The St. Petersburg *Novoe Vremya* alleges that a complete organization of the Russian Nihilists exists under the guise of an export firm within the precincts of the city of London, and is exporting to Russia criminal documents and explosives. The London *Times'* correspondent says this confirms the already fixed conviction of a number of influential Russians, who pre-emunadly have means of knowing, of the existence of such organizations.

Germany.

The first service in the new American church at Dresden took place Thursday. The American bishop will consecrate the church at a later date.

In Berlin there were the usual festivities in the imperial palace Christmas eve. The emperor gave presents to the whole household. The empress received Bismarck and wife.

In consequence of the students of the Berlin university holding forbidden meeting in sympathy with the Socialists, the rector of the university appeals to them to respect the laws and submit to the rules of the university.

A Berlin correspondent says there is a secret convention between France and Germany, in accordance with which France is allowed unlimited colonization in Morocco and Tonquin, and Germany, while respecting French possessions in Africa, is at liberty to annex territory anywhere not affecting French interests.

Italy.

A dispatch from Rome says: "England has secured Italy's adhesion to her Egyptian policy in return for the support of Great Britain to Italy's scheme for colonization on the Red Sea."

General.

Hamburg police officials have a letter containing threats that the imperial naval observatory will be destroyed by dynamite.

The Sultan of Morocco has asked the British minister at Tangiers for copies of the protocols adopted by the African conference. The sultan claims sovereignty over Timbuctoo, and is desirous of annexing to his dominions the coast of his country south of Morocco.

A sensation was caused in the Metropolitan church at Toronto Sunday evening, while Rev. Hugh Johnson was preaching. Water got into the pipes and the gas went out, and presently the edifice became filled with gas and several ladies fainted before they could reach the open air. The services were brought to a sudden conclusion.

Henry Newhouse, wanted in Chicago for embezzlement, in Police court at Hamilton, Ont., said that the superintendent of the Western Union met him at Windsor, when Newhouse gave back $2,100 of the money he had taken, and promised to restore the remainder, whereupon he was allowed to go. He will be released there.

Tonquin advices report daily encounters between Chinese and French at outposts. China continues pouring troops into Tonquin and Formosa.

British annexation of St. Lucia bay will probably increase colonial differences. The German explorer, Einwald, now in Zulu land, writes that he has acquired a treaty right in St. Lucia Bay with 10,000 acres from the king of Zululand.

The *Journal des Debats* has a Cairo dispatch saying that Nubar Pasha has received orders from London to convoke the Chamber of Notables for consideration of the land tax since the financial crisis renders it necessary that Europe should accept English proposals. The Khedive refuses to comply with the request.

A manifesto is issued by Austro-Hungarian democrats in Paris, and circulated in Vienna and Presth, warning workmen against anarchist agitation and advising that combined action be taken to break the coalition between clericals and aristocrats. People are also urged to refrain from persecuting Jews. The manifesto predicts growing financial and commercial depression preparing the way for an early revolution, and workers in every part of the country are called upon to found new institutions.

Isthmus of Panama.

Panama is putting itself in order. Almost for the first time in its existence the streets are being cleaned, and hygienic measures adopted, which should have been done long ago. The health of the city is fairly good. The dry season has just set in. No yellow fever has been reported during the past ten days.

An attempt has been made to plunder the roulette table in Colon, by blowing up with dynamite. The wheel and table were shattered, but the gamblers stood guard over the treasure, and no plunder was obtained by the dynamiters.

South America.

According to the terms of the contract for the construction of a port at Buenos Ayres, at a cost of $30,000,000, a second canal will be made it the roadstead.

The Long Island Elopement—A Deacon Mobbed.

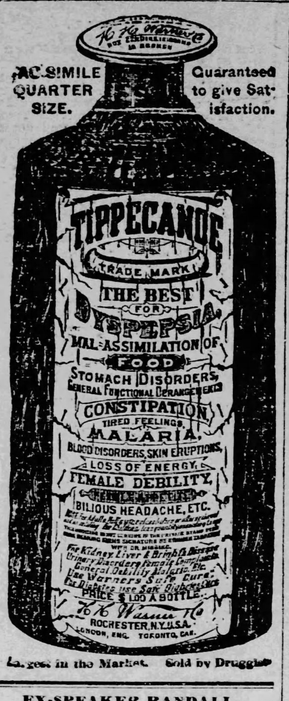
There is renewed excitement in Northville, L. I., over the Terry-Downs elopement. A number of villagers adopted resolutions denouncing Deacon G. Mitchell Terry for running off with Rev. Mr. R. Downs' wife; also denouncing Hallock Luce, a wealthy resident, for inducing Terry to return. The men and boys adjourned to the front of Deacon Terry's residence, and serenaded him with tin pans. Terry left the house, and the mob, seeing him, ran after him, hooting and yelling and threatening violence. He got safely into the house of his friend Luce, when another serenade was given. Monday morning Terry left Northville in a buggy, and has not returned. It is supposed he has left for good. Rev. Mr. Downs has begun action for damages against Terry for the alienation of his wife's affections. Deacon Terry's mother also sues him for a portion of the property in his name, which she claims.

Floods in Arkansas.

Reports show that rain is general through out Arkansas. All the rivers and bayous are rapidly rising, and many are out of their banks and flooding the country for miles. The Arkansas river is rising rapidly since Sunday, at the rate of four inches an hour. No trains on the Iron Mountain road since Saturday night. Reports have been received of a very heavy rainfall all along the White River valley, inundating plantations at many places and doing great damage to fences and drowning stock grazing in the bottoms.

Monday night's dispatches to the Little Rock *Gazette* say in 36 hours the rainfall at Brinkley, is fourteen inches. Up to 9 o'clock the streams were not only out of their banks but from Black river to the mouth of White river the country is almost an unbroken sea of water. The most serious damage threatens the country south of the Midland railroad, consisting of a large area of Monroe and Phillips counties. The loss of stock in the region north of the Midland railroad and along the Cache river, Devive and Langville rivers is serious.

A Helena special says once sunt rain for the last 48 hours has done great damage to the new levees, both on the Arkansas and Mississippi sides, the Mississippi river by washing the loose dirt in and in some pl ces cutting small ditches. Nearly all the floating ice is out of the river, and navigation is resumed. The washouts caused a temporary stoppage of trains south of Pine Bluff on the St. Louis & Texas railroad.



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EX-SPEAKER RANDALL.

His Visit to the South—Boarding Watterson in His Stronghold.

Ex-Speaker Randall, of Pennsylvania, reached Louisville Monday, and was met by a committee of citizens and given a reception.

In the course of his address, Mr. Randall said: "Reared as I have been in a mercantile life, like most of those around me, you can understand why I appreciate more than might a number different relations, the honor which this body of men tender, and I say that it is proper in the outstart, you being a body of men composed of persons of every political party, should be given to understand that I am here to-day without any personal political motive. I come among you to witness for myself, to study the details that prevail in the great South, in the business relations that it bears to the country. We are passing through a period of great depression, and I think I can show this depression is phenomenal in its character, and like all others that has preceded it in the United States. The panics of 1837, of 1857 and of 1873, were all preceded by a number of years in which they had the balance of trade largely against it, and yet to-day we are in the midst of depression, when the last nine years of trade in the United States has been in favor of the United States to the extent of $1,390,000,000. I consider that it is owing to an exhaustive taxation, and to some degree trade restrictions which ought to be swept asid. [Cheers.] The government should be administered economically, and there ought not to be collected a dollar of revenue from the people of the United States in excess of that which is necessary to economically administer the government of this people. [Cheers.] I am quite saying, and some of us have realized the truth of it, that a man who spends more money than he makes will become embarrassed; and I say, according to my judgment, a country which imports more than it exports must become embarrassed, and the great object of government to a free people like ours, is to have such laws enacted and honestly and intelligently administered as will promote the great objects of the trade and commerce of the country. [Cheers.]

"I have no earthly ambition. I am here to see the Southern states, and many of them come into successful competition with the Northern states, but I am absolutely unwilling to see both sections interfered with in their progress and career to the destiny which God in His infinite wisdom has endowed upon this, the greatest country on earth, by such reintion that will make both sections the victims of foreign low labor and low interests. [Cheers.] I do not speak this in any partisan sense. I speak it in a broader sense of statesmanship, if i may be allowed to apply the term, for we are all aware that statesmanship consists in knowing the resources of the country, and it is my judgment it is the duty of an intelligent people to study out the details of her condition as they relate to her exchange of products with foreign countries, so no harm may come to invested capital and no lowering of the wages of American mechanics; and I say to you, deliberately, that this can be done and done only upon a business basis. When you attempt, in my judgment, to run a country upon theory, then I think you belittle the subject you must study out for yourselves, each individual and each commercial and trade interest. It is the duty of an administration, therefore, to look after the business and trade relations of our country, and I may be permitted to indulge this, for, as my distinguished friend, who has just spoken has to say, if I understand aright, the duties of the incoming administration, it means to give us a business government." [Applause.]

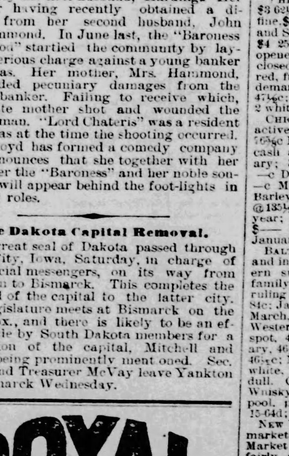
Mr. Randall was dined by the Pendennis Club at night, and after dinner, proceeded to McAdoo Hall, where he delivered an address to a large audience. Ex-Gov. Blackburn presided. The meeting was very enthusiastic.

The Daughter of the "Rebel Spy" Married.

Miss Grace Harding Hammond, the daughter of Belle Boyd, known as the "Rebel Spy," was married in Dallas, Tex., Sunday night to Key Chateris, a young Englishman about 21 years of age, who claims to be the Earl of Linwood. For nearly a year past Chateris has been employed in Dallas as an instructor of elocution. The bride is the daughter of Belle Boyd, by her first husband, Harding. Her mother having recently obtained a divorce from her second husband, John S. Hammond. To-day last, the "Baroness Linwood" startled the community by laying a serious charge against a young banker of Dallas. Her mother, Mrs. Hammond, demanded pecuniary damages from the young banker. Failing to receive which, the irate mother shot and wounded the young man. "Lord Chateris" was a resident of Dallas at the time the shooting occurred. Belle Boyd has formed a comedy company and announces that she together with her daughter the "Baroness" and her noble son-in-law will appear behind the foot-lights in leading roles.

The Dakota Capital Removal.

The great seal of Dakota passed through Sioux City, Iowa, Saturday, in charge of two special messengers, on its way from Yankton to Bismarck. This completes the removal of the capital to the latter city. The Legislature meets at Bismarck on the 15th prox., and there is likely to be an effort made by South Dakota members for a re-location of the capital, Mitchell and Huron being prominently ment oned. Sec. Teller and Treasurer McVay leave Yankton for Bismarck Wednesday.



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Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 31, 1884.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$1,531,000
Specie, increase	1,318,000
Legal tenders, decrease	1,102,000
Deposits, decrease	171,000
Circulation, decrease	67,000
Reserve, increase	285,000

The banks hold $40,941,000 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 1@2 ₱ cent. Bar silver, 10-3/4. Stocks continued strong during the past hour, and there was a further advance in prices, the improvement as compared with last night's closing ranging from 1/4@3/8 ₱ cent. The feature of the market is the borrowing demand.

Government bonds — 3s, 101-1/2; 4-1/2s, 113; 4s, 122-3/4; Pacific 6s, of '95, 121.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 30.	Dec. 23.
4½'s coupons	113	113⅝
4's coupons	122⅝	122¾
3⅜'s registered	101½	101½
Pacific 6's, '95	124	126

TRADE.

Aside from the holiday trade the general business of the United States was but little improved as compared with the previous week. There are everywhere unmistakable evidences of business revival, and within the next two weeks it is hoped that the BLADE will be able to announce to its readers a marked improvement.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No 2 Red wheat brought 69¾c in this market; on Wednesday 70c was the price; on Thursday none sold; there being no session of the Exchange on account of the observance of Christmas; on Friday it rose to 71c; on Saturday it jumped to 73c, and on Monday it was worth 73⅝c, showing an improvement of 4¼c for the week.

Within the week just closed the wheat markets of the United States developed considerable strength, and the week's transactions exhibit an improvement of 4½c in cash, 5¼c in January, 4¼c in February, and 4¼c in May. This advance came, perhaps, a little sooner than was anticipated, but the upward turn was inevitable. It was thought that the rise would not occur until early January, but shrewd operators, comprehending the situation, anticipated the improvement and loaded up pretty liberally. Wheat had touched a point so low that there was no profit in it to agriculturists, and as a result, those who were able to do so, refused to sell, which reduced the receipts of winter wheat especially to less than was looked for. This state of affairs has very naturally led to a better demand, and the outlook is for yet higher prices, although the price may be sent up to a point where a temporary break would take place, which is usually the case when a speculative movement sets in. The low price of wheat and the sluggish movement was as disastrous to farmers as it was to farmers, as they made no money. The man who deals in grain is just as anxious to see prices move upward as is the man who raises the wheat. It must not be supposed, however, that any wild excitement will take place in the wheat trade. Values will undoubtedly be higher, but the supply of wheat is so ample that any upward movement that will not be in accordance with the condition of trade, will not hold. The reported shortage in the amount of winter wheat sown, which has been freely commented upon within the past fortnight, has no doubt been a factor in the upward tendency of prices of wheat. The wheat farmers of the northwest are urged by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* to go slow in arranging to reduce wheat growing the coming season, pointing especially to the fact that in the winter seeding belt there is an important reduction in the area sown to wheat this season. That paper says: "A special telegram published in yesterday's *Pioneer Press* contained a summary of reports from the leading winter-wheat growing states. Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Missouri, Kansas, and Indiana report a very large decrease in the area devoted to wheat as compared with that of last year, the falling off averaging from 10 to 33⅓ ₱ cent. In Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania the decrease is smaller, ranging from 3 to 5 ₱ cent. As these states represent the bulk of the wheat-producing area outside of the northwest, and as they do most of their seeding in the fall, these figures represent a certain and material diminution of production next year."

Corn during the week held its own very well, and closed about 1c above the opening in the beginning of the week.

Toledo Market.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange cash wheat sold freely at steady prices. Sales No 2 Red Wheat to